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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Dacre.* Edited by the Countess of Morley. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

MANY people fancy that novels, because they are easily read, are easily written; and others may fall into a similar mistake, and fancy that they are easily reviewed. In the first case, we may suggest that few species of composition are so difficult to accomplish as a Good Novel; and in the second, we can state that few works give us so much trouble in our critical vocation. We have registered an oath in heaven, never to divulge so much of the plot as to hinder one of our fair friends from enjoying the full pleasure of all the changes, surprises, and disentanglements of the story; and when these are forbidden grounds, it must be obvious that we have only to deal with the author's usually less striking parts, when we endeavour to exemplify and illustrate his performance.

In the present instance, however, we do not feel so entirely at a loss; for though *Dacre* is sufficiently varied and complicated to afford full scope to curiosity and imagination, it also possesses some other high qualities, which may well serve to afford the public an idea of its excellence. Among these, one of the foremost will be found to be the sketches of personal character, which are admirable. Truth, without exaggeration, is their grand merit; we are acquainted with the parties who have sat for these likenesses, and yet there is no invidious individuality—nothing for “a key,” to be hereafter published for the gratification of ill-natured “friends” and scandalous coteries. We ought also to notice the uniform moral tendency of this book, and the graceful language in which its fine sentiments are expressed, without obtrusiveness or dogmatism.

Altogether, it is a production of great beauty and interest; a faithful picture of manners, and one which displays an accurate observation of the workings of the human heart, even in their minutest tracery. What is meant by the quaint title-page, we know not; and it is, at any rate, a new fashion to favour us with the name of an editor,\* and withhold (if it be withheld?) that of the writer. Should Lady Morley, in this respect, hold a divided sway, we can only say that *Dacre*, were it all her own, would do no discredit even to her high attainments and talents; and those who have the honour of knowing her ladyship, even by report, will feel that a higher eulogium could hardly be pronounced upon the publication.

It is now our pleasant task to offer the selections, which we trust will fully uphold our very favourable judgment; and we commence with the portrait of a very worthy sort of a person, Mrs. Molesworth, near whom an unlucky visitor was seated at dinner.

“Mrs. Molesworth’s conversational powers were small. From the time of her marriage she had, rather from inclination than from any

other cause, resided principally in the country. Her circle of friends was soon narrowed into that of her immediate neighbours. Her correspondents gradually dropped off, and she was left the more uninterruptedly to follow the natural bent of her inclination, and to fuss with unremitting diligence over all the petty cares and arrangements that now occupied her attention. Her most intellectual conversation soon became a conference with the village doctor, upon nostrums for ‘teething,’ and preventives against infection; but, happily, her infants were strong, and their teeth came not the worse for the pain they had been made to endure for their relief; and, in spite of their mother’s care and camphor, they caught all the complaints that children do catch, and survived all the remedies that were practised upon them. Poor Mrs. Molesworth—she had much to endure! Mr. Molesworth insisted upon sending the boys to a public school; and many a sleepless night did it cost the anxious mother, as she thought upon the unwholesomeness of excessive study, the cruelty of ushers, and the tyranny of the upper forms. Other trials came; and many who expected Mrs. Molesworth’s alarms to increase in proportion to the reality of their cause, feared she would never survive the anxiety that must be kept so painfully on the stretch, by the tastes which ripper years developed in her boys. John became a sportsman, and Harry insisted upon going to sea. Mrs. Molesworth remonstrated upon the pleasures of her first-born and the chosen profession of the second; but for both they received the paternal sanction. ‘John has got nothing else to do,’ argued Mr. Molesworth. ‘You thought they would both be killed by going to school, and yet they are none the worse for it.’ ‘There, my dear, I, alas! differ from you,’ said Mrs. Molesworth, with a sigh. ‘If Harry had not been sent to school, we might have prevented his intimacy with Dacre; and it is he, I am convinced, who has drawn my dear boy into this shocking mania for the sea. During the last holidays, what should I find among his books, but a present from Dacre of *Southey’s Life of Nelson*? I understand there never was a more dangerous book; they say it has tempted more promising boys to go to sea than all the voyages ever written—and they are all bad enough.’ But Mr. Molesworth was firm about his sons; declared hunting was necessary to health, and the yellow admirals the longest-lived men in the kingdom. Nor did Mrs. Molesworth’s health and happiness sink under these trials, as might have been expected. Her utmost powers of apprehension had been for years excited upon small and groundless causes. It was not in the power of mortal woman to have been more uneasy than she had repeatedly been from the apprehensions of her own imagination. Reality could do no more; for she had suffered her worst about nothing.”

A glance at a fashionable ball (Almack’s) shews how intimately the writer has mixed with, and how acutely studied, such gay scenes.

“There are many to whom the name of a

ball conveys no other idea than the meeting of various persons, to indulge in the unmeaning practice of dancing; there are others who look upon a ball as the means of conquest and display. By some it is regarded as the business of life; by others as the frivolous recreation of unthinking people. By the wily matron it is viewed as a market; by the presumptuous heir apparent as the bazaar from which he may select his mate at pleasure; and there are those among the elders, who, regarding it as the innocent outbreak of joy and mirth in the young, benignantly approve of such safety-valve to the exuberance of youthful spirits. But with far other feelings is such a scene viewed by the lover, for to him only it becomes the theatre of romance, and the dwelling-place of passion. There have been some who think that love is a native of the rocks; but its birth-place matters little when once it is called into being, for it can thrive alike wherever it is transplanted. It shrouds itself in an atmosphere of its own creation, and sees the surrounding objects through the medium of its own fanciful halo. The existence of colour depends not more on the rays of the sun than depends the hue which is lent to all that is external upon the internal feelings of the mind. The bustling scenes of gaiety may appear ill suited to the indulgence of deep feeling; yet the mind which is pre-occupied by one absorbing thought has not only an inward attraction that bids defiance to the intrusion of others, but has even the power of converting into aliment all that should tend to destroy its force. The crowds that pass before the eyes of a lover seem but as a procession of which his mistress is the queen. If he talks to another, it is to listen to the welcome theme of her praise from the voice of partial friendship; and if the actions of others ever attract his attention, it is to observe, with the jealous watchfulness of a lover, the manner and reception of those whom he regards as rivals.”

We go now to a little gallery of portraits, of a party assembled at a nobleman’s country seat:—

“Lady Anne Preston never failed to be agreeable. Vanity was with her the one great moving principle of thought and action. She sought admiration from all, and obtained it from many; for she possessed in a remarkable degree that quick discrimination of character which taught her to select with judgment the weakness she assailed. Coquetry became to her an art, and, like the skilful chess-player, she laid her plan upon a sagacious application of rules founded on experience. But though the charm of conquest was great, the pain of defeat was greater; and her life was one of triumph without happiness, and mortification without humility. Mr. Preston was a good-looking young man, about twenty-seven years of age, of serious pursuits, and a frivolous mind. Not fond of study, and very fond of display; he affected deep researches, and acquired shallow knowledge. An early propensity for collecting shells and stuffing birds

\* Lady Dacre shewed the example to a certain degree; but every body in town knew the authorship so auspiciously cherished.

had been construed into a love of science; and a memory for technicalities into the fruits of labour. The decorations of his library confirmed him a scholar, whilst the imagination of an upholsterer, and the judgment of a jeweller, gave pretensions to taste. Thus disguising the soul of a dandy in the garb of a pedant, he deceived himself, if not others, into the belief that his objects were elevated, and his abilities universal. Lord Clermont had just attained his majority. During a long minority, his guardians had laboured hard to increase his store, but not his wisdom; and at the age of twenty-one, he found himself in the dangerous possession of a full purse and an empty head. Lord Henry Mansel was a good-humoured, penniless, handsome, younger brother, who had been fortunate enough recently to obtain the hand and affections of an heiress. Lady Henry was lively and pretty; and they were both devoted to amusement and to each other, and both equally ignorant of the value of money. Their marriage produced neither increase of luxury on his part, nor diminution of expenditure on her's, for he had always had every thing he desired without paying, and she could always pay for every thing she desired. Lady Henry would have viewed retrenchment in him as a reflection on her generosity, and Lord Henry would have been horrified at the sacrifice of any self-denial in her; so, whilst every one was speculating on how long a limited income would supply unlimited demands, they rejoiced in the present, and feared nothing for the future. Mr. Maitland was a constant dweller in other men's houses. He was one of those gentlemen of little means and great wants, who barter criticism for luxury, and whose sickly fastidiousness and avowed discontent diminished the obligation, without impairing the economy, of gratifying his tastes at other people's expense. Shrewd in worldly knowledge, he had the advantage of understanding society better than society understood him; and, therefore, though he valued himself highly, he was taken at his own valuation. His self-indulgence was called exquisite refinement; his love of detraction, keen observation; his insatiable curiosity, the interest of friendship; his love of interference, a desire to be useful; and his treacherous gossip, amusing conversation. Mr. Rowley was a dull man of deep reading and profound ignorance. He pored over musty folios for half a century, without understanding their contents; and once wrote an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* upon the illegible inscription of a newly discovered tombstone. But that tomb was supposed to contain the mouldering remains of an undistinguished ancestor of Lord Whitby; and Mr. Rowley became a frequent guest at Hatton. He was raised to the dignity of an antiquary, and rescued from the ignominious obscurity of a tiresome country neighbour, to become the obsequious hanger-on of a great house. Lord Whitby was fond of patronage; and as Mr. Rowley was willing to be patronised, Lord Whitby had the advantage of encouraging merit without risking his dignity. Such was the company; and their commentaries and opinions upon such topics as a dinner-table produces were just what might be expected from their respective dispositions."

These are extremely clever, natural where there is so much of artifice, forcible, and coloured to the life. A painter's touch or two will shew this:—

"Saville talked of London, and Paris, and Crockford's, and of every body he knew, or

did not know, by their Christian names. He was, in fact, little more than a piece of ball and club-room furniture; but as his waistcoats deserved to be quoted, and his sayings forgotten, his presence was always tolerated, and his absence never perceived.

"That evening dancing was proposed—dancing, as Mrs. Ashby said, 'just in a quiet way,' which meant that one of the company should be offered up as a sacrifice to the pleasure of others; and that the best-natured lady in the room was to play the fiddler's part, without the fiddler's wages."

A visit to Lady Whitby's school (she is the Lady Bountiful of her district) is another artist-like piece; but we can only make room for some of its features.

"The school and its appurtenances were prettily situated at the extremity of a wood. Two beautiful little Alderney cows were grazing in front of the ha-ha that surrounded the buildings; and two little girls, dressed in the costume of Lady Whitby's own invention, stood on either side of the gate by which the company entered the enclosure. Though the cottage was a very successful imitation of the German Swiss, and the outhouses as closely resembled the chalet of the Alps, the necessity of introducing the family arms and crest, as often as possible, was not forgotten. The arms, surmounted by the coronet, supported the corners of the large pent roof; and on the wicket of the gate—on the locks of each door—on the handles of the drawers and the knobs of the shutters—on the centre of the table, the backs of the chairs, and the covers of the books—sat the owl on a coronet, the picture of dignified wisdom, and the family crest of their noble possessor. The Swiss custom of writing on the outside of their habitations was not omitted; and in lieu of the moral precepts, and other sentences, with which they adorn the exterior, was here displayed in old English letters, the interesting intelligence that, 'This cottage, erected by Henry Guy, seventh Earl of Whitby, at the benevolent suggestion of his wife, Charlotte Matilda Louisa, was presented by him to her, on the seventeenth anniversary of the day of their marriage.' 'I am so glad you had an inscription,' remarked Lady Henry, without reading it, 'it looks so natural on that style of cottage.' 'And it is such a very nice one—so like dear Lord Whitby,' observed Miss Cecilia. 'It is very simple,' said Lady Whitby, turning complacently towards the group, who were reading, with some difficulty, the old English character. 'Lord Whitby writes poetry remarkably well, and had rather wished to have it in verse, but I begged it might be quite plain and easy; it is so much better that the poor people should be able to understand it.' 'Well, Mrs. Taylor, and how are you all getting on?' continued Lady Whitby, addressing the school-mistress; and immediately the door was thrown open, and exhibited four-and-twenty little girls, dressed in their best, ranged round the three sides of the school-room. Four-and-twenty little courtesies were instantly dropped in honour of Lady Whitby, and four-and-twenty more for the company. 'I hope, my lady, your ladyship will find the children come on in their learning since your last visit. Would your ladyship be pleased to examine them to-day?' 'Do you attend to the school much yourself?' enquired the Duchess of Bolton, as the ladies sat down. 'Not in person,' replied Lady Whitby, 'it is so difficult to find time for every thing; but I send my governess, Miss Pearson, constantly.' The four best scholars were then called up 'to shew,' as Mrs. Taylor said, 'what

the others could do;' and the writing was thought much improved; and their needlework very good, and the sums had been proved, and were all quite right. Then followed some miscellaneous questions out of the book Miss Pearson had written herself for the use of the school; and though one girl thought the twelve apostles were the twelve tribes of Israel, and another said the seven wise men were the ten plagues of Egypt, and a third that the moon was only the sun in the dark; yet, considering neither teacher nor pupils understood much of the contents of Miss Pearson's little work; and, that to save trouble, the answers were generally repeated without the questions being asked, it was natural there should be some confusion in fitting them right, and a great wonder that the task should have been got through without more mistakes. The examination over, the children were desired to fetch the cows to be milked in front of the windows, and as they tripped along the grass Lady Henry was loud in her admiration of the costume, and declared 'it all looked as picturesque as a pretty scene in a ballet.' 'What has become of that nice-looking girl with black hair I used to admire last year?' said Lady Anne, in an under voice to Lady Whitby. Lady Whitby tried to recollect who she meant; and Lady Anne succeeded in bringing the child to her recollection. 'I know now who you mean perfectly—it was poor Sally Briggs; then, shaking her head, she added, 'that is a sad story!' and turning immediately to Mrs. Taylor, she inquired if she had heard lately what had become of Sally. Mrs. Taylor looked solemn, and was sorry to say she had heard no good. Sally had complained bitterly that she was used to better food and smarter clothes than she got at home; and so, as she sang very well, a company of strolling players had persuaded her to accompany them. 'Dear me!' exclaimed Lady Whitby, 'how provoked Miss Pearson will be to hear that all the pains she took to make that girl sing well should be so wasted!' 'It is shocking, indeed, my lady,' said Mrs. Taylor, 'after all your ladyship's kindness, too, for her father to be so ungrateful.' 'To be sure,' observed Lady Whitby, in a tone of vexation, to the ladies standing near her, 'it is very disheartening to meet with so much ingratitude; but I believe every body finds the same. Of course no girl is admitted into my school whose father does not vote for Lord Whitby's member; but it happened that I had taken a fancy to this child, and had actually offered her father the vacancy, for which I had nearly a hundred applications; and, would you believe it? this very man gave his vote at the election, last summer, to one of those horrid Mr. Bartons, who always oppose Lord Whitby's interest?' 'How very disgraceful!' said Mrs. Ashby, indignantly. 'The fact is,' continued Lady Whitby, 'that some of those canting Miss Bartons wanted his vote for their brother, and so they took vast interest in the fate of his sick boy last year.' 'Then, after all, he did give his vote out of gratitude?' said the Duchess of Bolton. 'Yes! but all recollection of what he had done for the girl was forgotten.' 'How abominable!' exclaimed Miss Cecilia. 'Poor little girl!' said Lady Emily. 'Ah!' said Lady Whitby, 'I was very sorry for the child, and it was a great sacrifice to me to part with her, she was so very intelligent; but you know, my dear duchess, when one makes a rule one must adhere to it; and I feel it a duty towards Lord Whitby to lose no opportunity of keeping up the family interest.'"

A retired citizen is as well described as if the

author were equally familiar with that class of beings.

"It was about the middle of the day when Dacre found himself at the door of a brown brick villa on the outskirts of the town. Mr. Wakefield was the creature of habit; and as he had found it convenient, when daily engaged in business, to reside in one of the many roads that lead to the east end of London, it had never occurred to him, when his occupation was gone, to change either his residence or his belief that the desideratum of life was an easy and constant communication with Tower Hill or the Elephant and Castle. The door was opened by a thick-set footboy, whose ill-fitting livery suggested the idea that he had just stepped into the gaudy-coloured clothes of his taller predecessor, without any regard to the variety in human form. In answer to the question of, whether Mr. Wakefield was at home, the boy said he 'would go and ask master.' 'Master said he was at home;' and whilst Mr. Wakefield was carefully conning over the note and the card which Dacre had sent in, by way of introduction, the footboy was desired to shew 'the gentleman' into the drawing-room, with the comforting assurance that 'Master will be with you directly, sir.'"

"In the centre of the room was suspended a small glass lustre, carefully enclosed in a dirty white bag; between the windows was a mirror to shew people what they are not; and over the chimney-piece was a portrait of Mr. Wakefield in the full dress of a sheriff of London. Round the sides of the room hung various other portraits of the family; and Dacre amused himself in speculating on the degree of relationship they had borne to each other. An elderly lady with a long crimson nose, light yellow gown, and muslin turban, sat in her frame with great matronly dignity. A miss of fourteen, in her square white frock, bright coral necklace, and glowing arms, stood screwing her face away from the robin she held in her hand. A large space was occupied on the other side by a little boy on a wooden rocking-horse—the latter done to the life, and the child to match: and two smaller compartments were filled by a young gentleman in his college cap and gown, and a middle-aged man with his coat as blue, his waistcoat as orange, his buttons as bright, and the fit as true, as though the artist had been a tailor instead of a painter. The furniture was scanty, and not very comfortable; and the tea-caddy with its leno case seemed a cherished and conspicuous ornament."

The master is worthy of the abode, his ruling housekeeper a very capital whole-length, and there is a lively moving panorama of our prodigious metropolis.

We shall find, however, more contrast in a death-bed scene:

"During the day no material change took place in Lord Kendal's state. Towards the evening he again opened his eyes. He looked at all who surrounded his bed: he saw amongst them strange faces; he saw on all the stamp of sorrow and anxiety. Again he closed his eyes for a few minutes, then, making a sign to the physician to approach him, he whispered a few words into his ear. The physician did not answer, and again Lord Kendal remained tranquil and silent. A tear stole gently down his cheek: he looked at Lady Kendal, then at Emily, and, in a feeble voice, said, 'Henry.' They understood his meaning; and his son, a boy of about twelve years of age, was brought to his bedside. He motioned to them to approach still nearer. 'Louisa!' said he, addressing his wife, 'I do not suffer, but I know

I am dying.' Lady Kendal pressed her lips to his. He returned the kiss. 'I fear,' continued he, 'that I have sometimes vexed you; but, tell me, love, that all is forgiven, and I shall die happier.' Lady Kendal would have suppressed her bursting agony of grief as she endeavoured to reply; but the sobs of her boy now broke upon her ear; and the feelings of the mother and the wife completely overpowered her, and she buried her face in the pillow. 'Try to be composed, dearest!' said the dying man, as the tears in quick succession now chased each other down his sunken cheeks. 'My children, you must support your mother.' Emily and Henry knelt by his side. 'Emily! you will probably marry; and may you be as blessed, as a wife, as you deserve. You have both been dear children to me!' Emily kissed her father. 'Harry! you will now have but one parent; you must give to your mother the affection and attention you would have given us both.' He was bathed in the tears of his children—they buried their faces in his. His voice grew weaker. 'God bless you all!' said he, after a pause. 'Pray for your father—pray for me, Louisa—I will pray for you all—I will pray for myself.' He raised his eyes, moved his lips in prayer: they tried to catch the sounds he uttered—they heard him say, 'Thy will be done,' and all was still; his lips parted, but he never spoke again. For a moment that stillness was broken; the frightful rattling in the throat, which announced the moment of dissolution, told the mourners that death was at hand; and then a short convulsive struggle, and all was over. His spirit had fled, and Lady Kendal and Emily were carried senseless from the room."

A pathetic simile closes this volume (the second):—

"Who has not, in his summer ramble, marked the course of some bright rivulet that hurries on to lose its brightness in the dark waters below? Such had been her fate. Her life had been like that clear and sparkling stream, which sported in the sun and danced to the wind, now catching all the varied charms of day, whilst the brightness reflected gained lustre by reflection. But now that life was changed; the sparkling stream was gone. The water, pure as before, had sought the shade; dark, deep, serene, it paused. The sombre tints of all around stood in still and solemn reflection on the unruffled surface of the pool. All was sadness; and the stream, which anon had illumined the gay landscape, now repeated the sadness which alone it reflected."

With this we shall conclude, as the third volume becomes more engaged in the dénouement of the story, which, as we have stated, we desire to leave untouched. Where taste, talent, good sense, acumen, and elegant literature in which to embody them, are appreciated, Dacre will be read with pleasure, and admired without another syllable from our pen.

*Life of Mrs. Siddons.* By Thomas Campbell. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1834. Wilson.

BOADEN, biographies, magazines, and all *et cetera* of contemporary distinction, have so macadamized the Memoirs of Siddons, that every one who could run must have read. We will, therefore, in this review trouble ourselves very little with dates, with family events, with new appearances, and with such other matters, as Mr. Campbell's work must share in common with all the rest. In these consist not its merit and attractions, but in the many critical disquisitions and pleasing illustrations in which he has indulged; greatly to our

amusement and delight, and much to the honour of his own taste and judgment. The private memoranda of the accomplished person, too, whose memory the poet has thought it worthy of his talents to enbalm, form a very interesting feature in these volumes, which are, we may say, in few words, an ornament to our literature of a highly pleasing and instructive character.

Of the progenitors of the Kemble family, though necessary for the author to detail the traditions and particulars, it is not necessary for us to speak. The immediate ancestors of the present (alas! almost past) generation were provincial actors, of no great fame or fortune, but of much respectability in a profession where only exemplary conduct can attach respect. Mrs. Siddons was born at Brecon, July 5, 1753, in a small antique house, distinguished by the sign of the shoulder of mutton outside, and by real shoulders of ditto, extremely well cooked, for the entertainment of men, in the interior. She was brought upon the stage at a very early age; and at thirteen sang in operas. At nineteen, having previously spent some time in a humble capacity at Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, she married Mr. Siddons, who had belonged to her father's company; and returned to the stage. Having risen in provincial celebrity, she was invited by Garrick to London; appeared in *Portia* and other parts; acted with the Roscius at the close of his career; and was afterwards discharged without having produced any extraordinary impression. But the provinces again hailed her progress, and her fame spread far and wide. In 1782 she returned to the metropolis under happier auspices; and speedily reached that noble eminence to which her wonderful powers so justly entitled her.

Mr. Campbell here, by way of episode, treats us with a retrospect of her predecessors, which is a delightful chapter, and from which we select a specimen.

"The restorers of our theatres, without troubling themselves about the Puritans, followed the custom of the continent, in bringing women upon the stage, putting a stop to the impersonation of queens and heroines by he creatures, who had sometimes to be shaved before they acted. Yet this admission of women among the players, though a great natural improvement, occurred in times and circumstances that made it appear at first rather an unfavourable change for the moral character of the stage. Since the death of Shakespeare, and during the latter part of James's reign, the drama had grown more and more licentious. The speeches which stage-heroines had to hear and utter were so gross, that the Puritans pronounced it impossible for any woman who was not a courtesan to tread the boards; and Charles the Second, who had reopened the theatres, and was effectively the manager of one of them, seemed as if he strove for a wager to make good the words of the Puritans. Considering the profligacy of the age, it is more wonderful that a few actresses, and these the best, were unexceptionable private characters, than that the stage gave its contingency to Charles's seraglio. Though, even in those times, the lives of Mrs. Betterton and other actresses belied the puritanic assertion, that no modest woman could tread the boards, still modern civilisation has robbed the Puritans of the strongest objection which they could allege against the theatre, namely, the grossness of its language; so that the most delicate female need not now shrink from the profession on that account. At present, after



so many women, who have been patterns of their sex, have been actresses, it may be safely affirmed that a young *débutante*, ambitious of first-rate rank as an actress, would find the greatest talents scarcely available without personal respectability of character. Still there are persons, not puritanical, who think it derogatory to female delicacy to meet the gaze of spectators in impassioned parts. This objection, I grant, may apply to private theatricals. The unprofessional actress, who makes and returns love-speeches before an audience, is likely to have no better motive than her vanity. But the public actress has a fair apology, and her professional publicity is an additional challenge to her virtuous pride. We sometimes hear the player's vocation pronounced degrading, because it exposes him to public insults; but this is certainly a most unfair argument, at least when it comes from those who frequent the theatre. By attending such entertainments, they recognise the player as a dispenser of innocent amusement; and, when they insult him, merely because he fails to please, they are, no doubt, obliging the actor to ply a degrading vocation; but if cruelty and injustice be disgraceful, they are also degrading themselves. Either it should be proved that the stage is noxious to society, and that it should therefore be abolished, or, if it be tolerated, the player's occupation should be made as respectable as possible by good treatment. Even if it were admitted, for the sake of argument, that there is something in the actor's life (that something I leave to others to ascertain,) which necessarily tends to impress faults on his moral character, still what profession can be named which, if it finds any weaknesses in the nature of a man, will not tend to increase them and bring them out? All professions tend, more or less, to stamp us with something peculiar, and not always with amiable peculiarities. Yet society wisely honours several professions for their general usefulness, though they labour under this objection. To give but one instance: the world very properly holds the barrister's calling in high respect; for we know that life and property would be less secure than they now are, if every man were to be his own lawyer. And yet it is notorious, that the lawyer's life, which makes him daily and hourly a hireling either on the right side or the wrong side of a cause, as his brief may chance to call him, must tend to imbue his mind with a taste for sophistry, as well as with adroitness in the practice of it. In fact, there is a great deal of acting, both in courts of justice and elsewhere, that goes by a different name. If I should appear all this time to be begging the question, and to be assuming that theatrical amusements are *de facto* indispensable to society, I would only ask of those who object to them, to say if, practically speaking, they could be done away with? Would the public permit you to shut up the theatres? No; no more (I speak it respectfully) than to shut up the churches. The love of the drama is a public instinct, that requires to be regulated, but is too deep for eradication. I am no such bigot for the stage as to say that it is necessarily a school of morals; for, by bad management, it may be made the reverse: and I think, on the whole, that the drama rather follows than leads public morals. At the same time, it has a general indirect tendency towards the good of society, which, if the theatre be kept amenable to decency and public opinion, may make the drama directly promotive of good morals. It contributes to cheerfulness, and it draws men from grosser enjoyments. It may be made an innocent, nay,

an instructive amusement. As a tasteful recreation, it sweetens the public temper. It has well been compared to a mirror, in which we may see ourselves as others see us. But, granting the similitude to be just, the enemy of the theatre will possibly ask me, has the mirror at which we dress ourselves the power of giving symmetry to our features, or of adding an inch to our stature? No; but still that chamber-mirror will shew a man how ugly he looks with an unwashed face, or an angry physiognomy. In like manner the moral mirror of the drama will shew us what passions most become us and most deform us, and may, therefore, certainly instruct us in the regulation of our moral feelings. To say that the stage is liable to abuse, is to say nothing more than is applicable to every other source of human pleasure. You cannot excite men joyously without some contingent dangers. The playhouse, say its enemies, is the resort of great numbers of the vicious, the idle, and the dissipated. Unhappily, so are all popular assemblies, not excepting every Methodist meeting in the kingdom. In fact, if you proscribte theatres, you are bound, in consistency, to prosecute Methodism, to uproot vineyards, to destroy breweries, and to abolish music and dancing. And religion says as little as sound morality against plays and players. The Scriptures no where stigmatise them, though, in our Saviour's time, there was a theatre in Jerusalem. That theatrical establishment, we know, was forced upon the Jews, at the expense of several lives, by Herod the Great; and, after his death, if Jesus Christ had thought a theatre among the evils to be extirpated by Christianity, he would have found no topic more popular than an innovation so violent to Jewish feelings. But he has left upon it not the slightest denunciation; and, in this circumstance, he is imitated by all the apostles: St. Paul even quotes a dramatic poet, and shews that he was well acquainted with the Attic drama."

So much for our author; now for a taste of some of Mrs. Siddons's own memoranda:—

"I cannot now remember the regular succession of my various characters during this my first season, 1782-3. I think *Belvidera* came soon after *Isabella*, who almost precluded the appearance of all others for a very long time; but I well remember my fears and ready tears on each subsequent effort, lest I should fall from my high exaltation. The crowds collected about my carriage at my outgoing and incomings, and the gratifying and sometimes comical remarks I heard on those occasions were extremely diverting. The royal family very frequently honoured me with their presence. The king was often moved to tears, and the queen at one time told me, in her gracious manner and broken English, that her only refuge was actually turning her back upon the stage, at the same time protesting that my acting was 'indeed too disagreeable.' In short, all went on most prosperously; and, to complete my triumph, I had the honour to receive the commands of their majesties to go and read to them, which I frequently did, both at Buckingham-house and at Windsor. Their majesties were the most gratifying of auditors, because the most unremittingly attentive. The king was a most judicious and tasteful critic, both in acting and dramatic composition. He told me he had endeavoured, vainly, to detect me in a false emphasis, and very humorously repeated many of Mr. Smith's, who was then a principal actor. He graciously recommended the propriety of my action, particularly my total repose in certain situations. This, he

said, is a quality in which Garrick failed. '*He never could stand still,—he was a great fidget.*' I do not exactly remember the time (she continues) that I was favoured with an invitation from Dr. Johnson, but I think it was during the first year of my celebrity. The Doctor was then a wretched invalid, and had requested my friend, Mr. Windham, to persuade me to favour him by drinking tea with him in Bolt Court."

The Doctor spoke highly of Garrick's various powers of acting. When Mr. Windham and myself were discussing some point respecting Garrick, he said, 'Madam, do not trouble yourself to convince Windham: he is the very bull-dog of argument, and will never lose his hold.' Dr. Johnson's favourite female character in Shakespeare was *Katherine*, in *Henry VIII.* He was most desirous of seeing me in that play; but said, 'I am too deaf and too blind to see or hear at a greater distance than the stage-box, and have little taste for making myself a public gaze in so distinguished a situation.' I assured him that nothing would gratify me so much as to have him for an auditor, and that I could procure for him an easy-chair at the stage-door, where he would both see and hear, and be perfectly concealed. He appeared greatly pleased with this arrangement; but, unhappily for me, he did not live to fulfil our mutual wishes. Some weeks before he died I made him some morning visits. He was extremely, though formally polite; always apologised for being unable to attend me to my carriage; conducted me to the head of the stairs, kissed my hand, and bowing, said, 'Dear madam, I am your most humble servant;' and these were always repeated without the smallest variation."

When attending Reynolds for his glorious picture of the Tragic Muse, she writes:—

"At his house were assembled all the good, the wise, the talented, the rank and fashion, of the age. About this time he produced his picture of me in the character of the Tragic Muse. In justice to his genius, I cannot but remark his instantaneous decision of the attitude and expression of the picture. It was, in fact, decided within the twinkling of an eye. When I attended him for the first sitting, after more gratifying encomiums than I can now repeat, he took me by the hand, saying, 'Ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse.' I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears. This idea satisfied him so well, that without one moment's hesitation he determined not to alter it. When I attended him for the last sitting, he seemed to be afraid of touching the picture; and, after pausingly contemplating his work, he said, 'No; I will merely add a little more colour to the face.' I then begged him to pardon my presumption in hoping that he would not heighten that tone of complexion so deeply accordant with the chilly and concentrated musings of pale melancholy. He most graciously complied with my petition; and, some time afterwards, when he invited me to go and see the picture finished, and in the frame, he did me the honour to thank me for persuading him to pause from heightening the colour, being now perfectly convinced that it would have impaired the effect; adding, that he had been inexpressibly gratified by observing many persons strongly affected in contemplating this favourite effort of his pencil. I was delighted when he assured me that he was certain that the colours would remain unfaded as long as the canvass would keep them together,



which, unhappily, has not been the case with all his works; he gallantly added, with his own benevolent smile, 'And, to confirm my opinion, here is my name; for I have resolved to go down to posterity on the hem of your garment.' Accordingly it appears upon the border of the drapery. Here ended our interview; and, shortly afterwards, his precious life."

We return again to Mr. Campbell's remarks. On dramatic writing he is excellent:—

"Improbability, for its own sake, we never desire; but we forgive the fault in proportion as it is redeemed by wit and genius. In truth, the inspired dramatist softens the aspect of improbability, and causes it to put on a look of the probable. He makes only an initiatory demand on our credulity; and then he pours in such successive touches of nature, that his picture of it becomes at once more pleasing than reality, and, to our fascinated imagination, equally true. In the *Merchant of Venice*, for instance, though there are one or two stumbling-blocks at the threshold, over which the genius of Shakespeare alone could help us, yet, when we get over these, we find ourselves at home and in a pleasant mansion. We must forget the difficulty of *Portia* disguising her sex and appearing before the judgment-seat, as well as the improbable nature of the contract. But surmount these obstacles, and the rest all follows like logic; for what can be more lawyer-like than the whole pleading of *Portia*, and the quibble by which she gets rid of the pound of flesh? Here we have a true poet dealing with the daringly improbable; but, on the other hand, when the ungifted dramatist gets you into unlikely conceptions, he drags you through a slough of them, and he makes his improbabilities breed beyond Malthusian calculation. In the drama it is clear that we must open our minds to the boldness of fiction, dramatic art being so extremely difficult. Its poet cannot, like a narrator, come forth and explain all matters himself, but must speak only through his characters; yet all the while he is bound to strike and surprise us. Common-place events will not serve this end; he must give us such as are uncommon. The uncommon borders on the marvellous, and the marvellous, though not necessarily incredible, requires a facile and fanciful state of belief. When dramatic poetry, therefore, reveals a certain degree of beauty, it expands the imagination beyond prosaic and literal calculations into a willing faith in romantic probability. A solid dunce he must be who would calculate the casket and judgment scenes of the *Merchant of Venice* by the every day probabilities of life. But, whilst we grant this indulgence to genius, if it be asked, whether we can extend it to indifferent talent, the answer must be, that we assuredly do not, and cannot. The romance of the fancy is a sunflower that will open itself only to Apollo. Whatever credit we give to inspired fiction is repaid to us with lavish interest; but our faith can have no dealings with dulness in affairs of the marvellous."

A curious anecdote is related of George III.: "The autumn of this year was memorable for the commencement of that first illness of his Majesty George III., by which the Regency question was brought into agitation. The reader will perhaps ask with surprise, what connexion Mrs. Siddons's name could have with the afflictive event of the royal malady? It had only this connexion, that she was the first person who observed in the royal personage grounds to suspect his mental aberration. The king, like all his subjects, thought her talents an

ornament to his reign, and he had a profound and cordial regard for her personal character. She was often at Buckingham House and at Windsor. But, when she was on a visit at the latter palace, his majesty one day handed her a sheet of paper, that was blank all but the signature of his name. She judged too highly both of her sovereign and herself to believe that, in his right mind, he could shew such extraordinary conduct; and the event proved the justice of her conclusion. She immediately took the paper to the queen, who was duly grateful for this dignified proof of her discretion."

To Mr. Gifford, Campbell is severe; to Boaden, a little sarcastic; to young Betty, quite hostile; and to Sheridan himself, not very complimentary. Witness the following, one of many passages:—

"Sheridan was fond of borrowing, but he was a fairer dealer in metaphors than in money, and generally took the loan of the former from himself. To adorn 'Pizarro,' he drew largely from his own orations at Westminster Hall; and particularly from his speech on Hastings' trial. He had a personal right, no doubt, to these flowers of speech; and some of them, in their proper place, were very beautiful; but still they were flowers that scarcely bore to be transplanted, and they assorted indifferently with the German bouquet of dramatic eloquence. So that, upon the whole, perhaps, Sheridan's mutation of the piece amounted to the Irish improvement,—of turning bad into worse."

We have paid but a hasty tribute to these volumes; but we must conclude with a prose and poetical quotation from Mrs. Siddons's mouth and pen; the first on seeing the Apollo in the Louvre—the latter hitherto unpublished.

"She was evidently much struck, and remained a long time before the statue; but, like a true admirer, was not loquacious. I remember, however, that she said, 'What a great idea it gives us of God, to think that he has made a human being capable of fashioning so divine a form!'"

"Mrs. Siddons had a moderate talent for versification. I am not aware that the following lines, which were the production of her pen, were ever published:

"Say, what's the brightest wreath of fame,  
But cancer'd buds, that opening close;  
Ah! what the world's most pleasing dream,  
But broken fragments of repose?"

Lead me where peace with steady hand  
The mingled cup of life shall hold,  
Where time shall smoothly pour his sand,  
And wisdom turn that sand to gold.

Then hark! at religion's shrine  
This weary heart its load shall lay,  
Each wish my fatal love resign,  
And passion melt in tears away."

She died in 1831, and it must be grateful to her friends that a man like Campbell has at length given the world his long-promised memorial of her life and splendid dramatic triumphs. The glories of the actor are but too evanescent: it is a happy chance to have so gifted a friend to preserve them for a time to come.

#### BURNES' TRAVELS.

[Second Notice, in Continuation.]

WE were last week obliged, for convenience's sake, to stop on our way to Balkh, no doubt a baulk to such of our readers as have not yet enjoyed the pleasure of perusing this work itself; and we now resume our route towards that city, taking Cabool, to which there are five different roads, on our way. One of these routes was avoided, on account of its being beset by a tribe of Khy Cerec robbers; though by taking that which led through the Momunds, another plundering tribe, our travellers do not seem to have

greatly mended their chance of safety and protection:—"A truly cut-throat band (says Lieutenant Burnes of a party whom they encountered) they appeared, and it was amusing to observe the studied respect which all of us paid them. Their chief, a ragged ruffian without a turban, was mounted on a horse: his praises were sung, and presents were given him; but we had no sooner left the country, than every one abused those whom we had been caressing. The spirit of the party might be discovered by one old man, who drove his horse into a wheat-field, on the verge of the Momund country, calling out, 'Eat away, my good animal; the Momund scoundrels have ate much of my wealth in their time.'"

"Before leaving Duka we had a visit from the chief of the Momunds, Sadut Khan, of Lal-poor, a handsome man of about thirty, with a good-humoured countenance. We sat under a mulberry-tree, on a cot or bed, for half an hour; he pressed us much to cross the river, and become his guests for a few days, when he would entertain and amuse us with his hawks, some of which were carried by his attendants. We declined his civilities on the excuse of our journey. I afterwards learned that this smiling Momund had raised himself to the chieftship of his clan, by murdering two young nephews with their mother." Nor was it alone from man that danger arose. "Our route," says the traveller, "from Huzarnow to Julalabad lay through a wide stony waste, a part of which is known by the name of the 'dusht,' or plain of Butteecote, and famed for the pestilential wind or 'simoom' that prevails here in the hot season, though the mountains on both sides are covered with perpetual snow. The natives of this country describe the simoom as generally fatal. Travellers who have recovered, say that it attacks them like a cold wind, which makes them senseless. Water poured with great violence into the mouth sometimes recovers the patient; and a fire kindled near him has a good effect. Sugar and the dried plums of Bokhara are also given with advantage. Horses and animals are subject to the simoom as well as man; and the flesh of those who fall victims to it is said to become so soft and putrid, that the limbs separate from each other, and the hair may be pulled out with the least force. This pestilential wind is unknown in the high lands of Cabool, and principally confined to the plain of Butteecote now described. It is as malignant in its effects during night as in the day; and in summer no one ever thinks of travelling while the sun is above the horizon. In a party of thirty or forty individuals, one only may be attacked; nor are those who escape sensible of any change in the atmosphere. It may be simply the effects of heat on a certain state of the body."

Having arrived at Cabool, they met Wolff, the missionary, who seems to make little way in his endeavours at proselytism. But we must put together some of the notices of Cabool itself:—

"Cabool is a most bustling and populous city. Such is the noise in the afternoon, that in the streets one cannot make an attendant hear. The great bazaar, or 'Chouchut,' is an elegant arcade, nearly 600 feet long, and about thirty broad; it is divided into four equal parts. Its roof is painted; and over the shops are the houses of some of the citizens. The plan is judicious, but it has been left unfinished; and the fountains and cisterns, that formed a part of it, lie neglected. Still there are few such bazaars in the east; and one wonders at the silks, cloths, and goods, which are arrayed

under its piazzas. In the evening it presents a very interesting sight; each shop is lighted up by a lamp suspended in front, which gives the city an appearance of being illuminated. The number of shops for the sale of dried fruits is remarkable, and their arrangement tasteful. In May one may purchase the grapes, pears, apples, quinces, and even the melons, of the by-gone season, then ten months old. There are poulterers' shops, at which snipes, ducks, partridges, and plovers, with other game, may be purchased. The shops of the shoemakers and hardware-retailers are also arranged with singular neatness. Every trade has its separate bazaar, and all of them seem busy. There are booksellers, and venders of paper, much of which is Russian, and of a blue colour. The month of May is the season of the 'falodeh,' which is a white jelly strained from wheat, and drunk with sherbet and snow. The people are very fond of it, and the shop-keepers in all parts of the town seem constantly at work with their customers. A pillar of snow stands on one side of them, and a fountain plays near it, which give these places a cool and clean appearance. Around the bakers' shops crowds of people may be seen, waiting for their bread. I observed that they baked it by plastering it to the sides of the oven. Cabool is famed for its kabobs, or cooked meats, which are in great request: few cook at home. 'Rhuwash' was the dainty of the May season in Cabool. It is merely blanched rhubarb, which is reared under a careful protection from the sun, and grows up rankly under the hills in the neighbourhood. Its flavour is delicious. 'Shabash rhuwash! Bravo rhuwash!' is the cry in the streets; and every one buys it. In the most crowded parts of the city there are story-tellers amusing the idlers, or dervises proclaiming the glories and deeds of the prophets. If a baker makes his appearance before these worthies, they demand a cake in the name of some prophet; and, to judge by the number who follow their occupation, it must be a profitable one. There are no wheeled carriages in Cabool; the streets are not very narrow; they are kept in a good state during dry weather, and are intersected by small covered aqueducts of clean water, which is a great convenience to the people. We passed along them without observation, and even without an attendant. To me the appearance of the people was more novel than the bazaars. They sauntered about, dressed in sheep-skin cloaks, and seemed huge from the quantity of clothes they wore. All the children have chubby red cheeks, which I at first took for an artificial colour, till I found it to be the gay bloom of youth. The older people seem to lose it. Cabool is a compactly built city, but its houses have no pretension to elegance. They are constructed of sun-dried bricks and wood, and few of them are more than two stories high. It is thickly peopled, and has a population of about 60,000 souls. The river of Cabool passes through the city; and tradition says that it has three times carried it away, or inundated it. In rain there is not a dirtier place than Cabool. It is in the mouth of every one that Cabool is a very ancient city; they call it 6000 years old. It formed once, with Ghuzni, the tributary cities of Bameean. Strange has been the reverse of circumstances: Ghuzni, under Mahmood, in the eleventh century, became a great capital; and Cabool is now the metropolis both over it and Bameean. It is said that Cabool was formerly named Zabol, from a kaffir, or infidel king, who founded it; hence the name of Zabolistan. Some authors have stated that the remains of the tomb of

Cabool, or Cain, the son of Adam, are pointed out in the city; but the people have no such traditions. It is, however, a popular belief, that when the devil was cast out of heaven he fell in Cabool. In Cabool itself there are not exactly traditions of Alexander; but both Herat and Lahore are said to have been founded by slaves of that conqueror, whom they call a prophet. Their names were Heri (the old name of Herat) and Lahore. Candahar is said to be an older city than either of these. While at Cabool, I made every attempt to procure coins, but without success, excepting a Cufic coin of Bokhara, which was 843 years old. Among the rarities brought to the Cabool mint, I heard of a coin of the shape and size of a sparrow's egg,—a whimsical model. Triangular and square coins are common; the latter belong to the age of Achar.\*

"Among the Nawab's friends we met a man 114 years old, who had served with Nadir Shah. He had been upwards of eighty years in Cabool, and seen the Dooranee dynasty founded and pass away. This venerable person walked up stairs to our rooms. From the crowd of people we constantly met at the house of our host, I was resolved on gathering some information on the much-disputed point of the Afghans being Jews. They brought me all their histories, but I had no time to examine them, and wished for oral information. The Afghans call themselves, 'Bin i Israel,' or children of Israel; but consider the term of 'Yahodee,' or Jew, to be one of reproach. They say that Nebuchadnezzar, after the overthrow of the temple of Jerusalem, transplanted them to the town of Ghore, near Bameean; and that they are called Afghans, from their chief Afghana, who was a son of the uncle of Asaf (the vizier of Solomon), who was the son of Berkia. The genealogy of this person is traced from a collateral branch, on account of the obscurity of his own parent, which is by no means uncommon in the east. They say that they lived as Jews, till Khaleed (called by the title of caliph) summoned them, in the first century of Mohammedanism, to assist in the wars with the infidels. For their services on that occasion, Kyse, their leader, got the title of Abdoolrusheed, which means the son of the mighty. He was also told to consider himself the 'butan' (an Arabic word), or mast of his tribe, on which its prosperity would hinge, and by which the vessel of their state was to be governed. Since that time, the Afghans are sometimes called *Putan*, by which name they are familiarly known in India. I never before heard this explanation of the term. After the campaign with Khaleed, the Afghans

\* The characteristics of the people in these regions were rather strikingly illustrated at an entertainment thus noticed:—

"As the evening was drawing to a close, the chief called on a person to display his powers, not in a tale, but in depicting the peculiarities of the neighbouring nations. He began with the Afghans; and, after an amusing enough exordium, which excepted the Doorances, or chiefs (who, he said, were not like other Afghans), he described the entry of some twenty or thirty nations into paradise. When the turn of the Afghans came, he went on blasphemously to relate, that their horrid language was unintelligible, and that, as the prophet had pronounced it to be the dialect of hell, there was no place in heaven for those who spoke it. The fellow had humour, and brought in some Afghan phrases much to the amusement of the company. He then attacked the Uzbeks for their peculiar way of making tea, and their uncouth manners. He now levelled his batteries against the whining, cheating, and deceitful Cashmeerian; and these people must be believed indeed if they be not masters in vice. All parties, however, admit their talents and ingenuity, which is a considerable counterbalance. The natives of Herat, and their peculiar dialect, exercised the powers of this eloquent Meerran; he imitated the roguery of their custom-house, and allowed himself, as the officer on duty, to be bribed out of his due by accepting some wine, which he pretended was not for himself."

returned to their native country, and were governed by a king of the line of Kyanee, or Cyrus, till the eleventh century, when they were subdued by Mahmood of Ghuzni. A race of kings sprung from Ghore subverted the house of Ghuzni, and conquered India. As is well known, this dynasty was divided, at the death of its founder, into the divisions east and west of the Indus; a state of things which lasted till the posterity of Timourlane reduced both to a new yoke. Having precisely stated the traditions and history of the Afghans, I can see no good reason for discrediting them, though there be some anachronisms, and the dates do not exactly correspond with those of the Old Testament. In the histories of Greece and Rome we find similar corruptions, as well as in the later works of the Arab and Mahomedan writers. The Afghans look like Jews; they say they are descended from Jews; and the younger brother marries the widow of the elder, according to the law of Moses. The Afghans entertain strong prejudices against the Jewish nation; which would at least show that they had no desire to claim, without a just cause, a descent from them. Since some of the tribes of Israel came to the east, why should we not admit that the Afghans are their descendants, converted to Mahomedanism? I am aware that I am differing from a high authority; but I trust that I have made it appear on reasonable grounds. \*

"We had some highly interesting conversation regarding the Kaffirs, who live in the hills north of Peshawur and Cabool, and are supposed to descend from Alexander. The chief, on the former occasion, had produced a young Kaffir boy, one of his slaves, about ten years old, who had been captured for two years. His complexion, hair, and features, were quite European; his eyes were of a bluish colour. We made him repeat various words of his language, some of which were Indian. The Kaffirs live in a most barbarous state, eating bears and monkeys. There is a tribe of them called 'Neemchu Moosulman,' or half Mahomedans, who occupy the frontier villages between them and the Afghans, and transact the little trade that exists among them. It is curious to find a people so entirely distinct from the other inhabitants, and unfortunately every thing that regards them rests in obscurity. I have hereafter stated the particulars which I collected regarding the Kaffirs, whom I take to be the aborigines of Afghanistan, and in no wise connected with the reputed descendants of Alexander the Great, as has been stated by some authors."

Satisfied with their stay at Cabool, our countrymen and their companions, on the 18th of May, set out on their onward journey over the Hindoo Koosh, or snowy mountains; and passed among the Huzaras, who are "a simple-hearted people, and differ much from the Afghan tribes. In physiognomy, they more resemble Chinese, with their square faces and small eyes. They are Tatars by descent, and one of their tribes is now called Tatar Huzaras. There is a current belief that they bestow their wives on their guests, which is certainly erroneous. The women have great influence, and go unveiled: they are handsome, and not very chaste; which has perhaps given rise to the scandal among their Soomee neighbours, who detest them as heretics. Were their country not strong, they would soon be extirpated; for they have enemies in every direction."

"One would have imagined, that, in these elevated and dreary regions, the inhabitants

would be engaged with other subjects than astruse points of theology. A moolah, or priest, however, had lately appeared among them to proclaim some novel doctrines; and, among others, that Ali was the deity, and greater than Mahommed himself. He had found some hundred followers, whom this fanatic had impressed with such an opinion of his power, that they believed he could raise the dead, and pass through fire without injury. One of the Hurara chiefs, who was shocked at the blasphemy of this false prophet, had preached a crusade against him for misleading the faithful; and many of the people accompanied him to assist in reclaiming the deluded to Islam. They informed us that this sect was styled 'Ali Illahi,' and had adopted many odious customs; among others, that of the community of women: they also held bacchanalian orgies in the dark, from which they were named 'Chiragh Koosh,' or lamp-killers, in allusion to the darkness which concealed their iniquities. Such a sect, I am assured, is not at all novel, since the Mogots of Cabool have long since professed some of its tenets, and still secretly practise them. It is also known in several parts of Persia and Turkey; but the march of intellect had not hitherto extended it to the gelid regions of Hindoo Koosh."

Still ascending the mountains, the travellers came to "Bameean, celebrated for its colossal idols and innumerable excavations, which are to be seen in all parts of the valley, for about eight miles, and still form the residence of the greater part of the population. They are called 'Soomuch' by the people. A detached hill in the middle of the valley is quite honeycombed by them, and brings to our recollection the Troglodytes of Alexander's historians. It is called the Ghooghoola, and consists of a continued succession of caves in every direction, which are said to have been the work of a king named Julal. The hills at Bameean are formed of indurated clay and pebbles, which renders their excavation a matter of little difficulty; but the great extent to which it has been carried, excites attention. Caves are dug on both sides of the valley, but the greater number lie on the northern face, where we found the idols: altogether they form an immense city. Labourers are frequently hired to dig in them; and their trouble is rewarded by rings, relics, coins, &c. They generally bear Cufic inscriptions, and are of a later date than the age of Mahommed. These excavated caves, or houses, have no pretensions to architectural ornament, being no more than squared holes in the hill. Some of them are finished in the shape of a dome, and have a carved frieze below the point, from which the cupola springs. The inhabitants tell many remarkable tales of the caves of Bameean; one in particular—that a mother had lost her child among them, and recovered it after a lapse of twelve years! The tale need not be believed; but it will convey an idea of the extent of the works. There are excavations on all sides of the idols; and below the larger one, half a regiment might find quarters. Bameean is subject to Cabool: it would appear to be a place of high antiquity; and is, perhaps, the city which Alexander founded at the base of Paropamisus, before entering Bactria. The country, indeed, from Cabool to Balkh, is yet styled 'Bakhtur Zameen,' or Bakhtur country. The name of Bameean is said to be derived from its elevation, —'bam' signifying balcony, and the affix 'ean' country. It may be so called from the caves rising one over another in the rock. There are no relics of Asiatic antiquity which have roused

the curiosity of the learned more than the gigantic idols of Bameean. It is fortunately in my power to present a drawing of these images. They consist of two figures, a male and a female; the one named Silsal, the other Shahmana. The figures are cut in alto relievo on the face of the hill, and represent two colossal images. The male is the larger of the two, and about 120 feet high. It occupies a front of 70 feet; and the niche in which it is excavated, extends about that depth into the hill. This idol is mutilated; both legs having been fractured by cannon; and the countenance above the mouth is destroyed. The lips are very large; the ears long and pendent; and there appears to have been a tiara on the head. The figure is covered by a mantle, which hangs over it in all parts, and has been formed of a kind of plaster; the image having been studded with wooden pins in various places, to assist in fixing it. The figure itself is without symmetry, nor is there much elegance in the drapery. The hands, which held out the mantle, have been both broken. The female figure is more perfect than the male, and has been dressed in the same manner. It is cut in the same hill, at a distance of 200 yards, and is about half the size."

At the last pass the escort was threatened by a band of robbers, and had a narrow escape, for the author tells us—

"We pushed on without delay; immediately we had cleared the pass, they occupied it; but the whole of their booty consisted of two laden camels of the caravan, which had loitered behind. These they seized in our view, as well as their drivers, who would now become slaves for life; and had we not hired our escort, we should have perhaps shared a similar fate, and found ourselves next day tending herds and flocks among the mountains. The party was well-mounted, and composed of desperate men: disappointed of their prey, they attacked the village of Doaab at night, where we first intended to halt. We had luckily pushed on three miles further, and bivouacked in the bed of a torrent in safety. The incidents of our escape furnished some room for reflection; and we had to thank the Cafla-bashee for his prudence, which had cleared us of the danger. The old gentleman stroked down his beard, blessed the lucky day, and thanked God for preserving his good name and person from such scoundrels. The life we now passed was far more agreeable than a detail of its circumstances would lead one to believe, with our dangers and fatigues. We mounted at daylight, and generally travelled without intermission till two or three in the afternoon. Our day's progress averaged about twenty miles; but the people have no standard of measure; and miles, coses, and fursukhs, were equally unknown, for they always reckon by the day's journey. We often breakfasted on the saddle on dry bread and cheese; slept always on the ground, and in the open air; and after the day's march, sat down cross-legged, till night and sleep overtook us."

On the 30th of May they debouched into the plains of Tartary, at Khooloom, or Tash Koorghan, where they had a noble view of the country sloping to the Oxus, and where we must leave them enjoying it for the present.

*Extracts from the Letters and Journals of G. F. Moore, Esq., now filling a Judicial Office at the Swan River Settlement.* Edited by Mr. Martin Doyle. 18mo. pp. 284. London. 1834, Orr and Smith; Dublin, Curry.

Nor intended for publication, the letters, &c. of which this volume is composed possess all

the value of authenticity, and all the minute details of practical utility. To persons who contemplate Swan River emigration, it is a work of the greatest interest; but we have so often had occasion to beat the ground over this settlement, that, though there are many curious and entertaining particulars in Mr. Moore's account of it, we must be very limited in our exemplifications.

A grand-piano being played, we are told that, "Two natives of King George's Sound (who are on their return) were greatly delighted with the music; they danced the kangaroo-dance, and did every thing in their power to shew that they were pleased and grateful—"Tank you, mem, very pretty." Their dance appeared to be in imitation of the chase of the kangaroo, the motions of the animal, and the panting and gestures of the person in chase. This dance was divided into different scenes or parts; the movements differing a little in each part: sometimes the dancers approached each other, then receded, traversed and changed sides, with a corresponding variation in gesture and exclamation. At intervals, they called out 'Get away, get away,' and at each pause, 'Beraway, beraway,' which latter word one of them explained in this way:—White man say 'hip, hip, hurra,' black man say, 'beraway, beraway.' During the entire dance they make a violent panting noise, hegh, hegh, hegh, hogha, hogha, hogha; these sounds guttural. Afterwards they seated themselves in arm-chairs, with the greatest self-complacency, and drank tea."

The natives "seem to have an idea of a spirit, 'Goodjot,' and another 'Manjut'; for when Naral asked me to-day how I got the wound in my head, I pointed upwards solemnly and said, 'Goodjot,' intimating that it was a visitation from God: he seemed to understand, but said 'Manjut,' as if it came from an evil power."

*Ready Justice.*—"I was much amused by two Lascars, who came into the court for justice. I have not time to give you a full detail of their case; it ended by one calling upon the other to take his oath, which he did by taking off his cap and speaking within it: 'Me speak truth, my cap—all same me speak truth, my head—all same me speak truth, my body—me speak truth, my cap—me have my head cut off me speak lie, my cap—me go to —.' Here he made a low salute, and pointed down. I looked at the other: 'Are you satisfied?'—he made a low obeisance, and both walked off together, having settled their law-suit to their mutual satisfaction."

*Facetia.*—"The next event was the finding one of the young pigs at the bottom of the well, rather *past hope*; however, as it bled freely under the operation of the butcher's knife, it may not altogether be a *dead loss*. It was a nice pig, which I intended to keep; but being of an inquiring nature, he went searching after truth (I suppose), which they say lies at the bottom of a well. It is *well* it is no *worse*."

But we must conclude. The details of cruel and bloody contests with the natives are the most painful portions of the volume—those of Mr. Moore's actual daily agricultural operations the most agreeable and useful.

*Contributions to Geology.* By Isaac Lea, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Philadelphia, 1833. Carey and Co. The contributions which Mr. Lea brings to geological science in the present volume consist almost entirely of descriptions of those shells which characterise the tertiary deposits of Alabama, of Maryland, and New Jersey, with some account of a tufaceous lacustrine forma-



tion at Syracuse, Onondaga city, New York. The first of these formations is chiefly a shelly limestone, which is first met with in the Gulf of Mexico in the neighbourhood of St. Mark's and Tallahassee, and extends from that point north west through the whole of the state of Alabama and Mississippi, and is said to terminate at the Chickasaw Bluffs in West Tennessee. The country between the shell-limestone tract and the river Mississippi and the Gulf, is a barren sand, with the long-leaf pine (*Pinus Australis*) as its principal forest growth. The strata consist of soft calcareous rock, with specs of mica and cells filled with carbon, full of friable shells; above, a compact calcareous rock with grains of green sand, then beds of loose quartzose brownish sand, abounding in delicate fossil shells; the beds varying in thickness, and covered by a formation of rotten limestone, which are again capped by a deposit of sand and gravel mixed with clay—the last of this interesting tertiary group, which is covered with its diluvium. It is impossible for us in our brief notices of new books to name all the new fossils which the author has described with scientific accuracy, as belonging to these deposits; of shells alone 208 are described, and 201 are figured in the plates which accompany the descriptions. Labours of this kind not only mark the progress of geology in a country, but distinguish the nation which gives a merited patronage to the enterprising and erudite author. It is certain that some of the shells described bear a very close similarity if not an actual identity with some figured under different names; but to us in Europe this is not so great an objection, since the author has figured every species: the comparisons can be instituted when further accuracy may be demanded. Six new species of shells are described from the formations of Maryland and New Jersey.

The tufaceous lacustrine deposit of Syracuse is one of a very recent nature, and in connexion with the History of the North American lakes becomes very interesting; a formation of a similar kind was met with fifteen miles to the east, near Chittenango; and the streams which pass through these two villages, the one emptying itself into Onondaga Lake, the other into Oneida Lake, render it probable that they are distinct deposits. Mention is also made of a small lake or pond in Sussex County, New Jersey, well known by the descriptive name of Bleekpond, and where countless myriads of bleached shells of the families *Lymnaea* and *Peristomiana*, analogous to the species now inhabiting the adjacent waters, line and form the shores of the whole circumference of the lake to the depths of many fathoms. Deposits of this kind indicate more than any thing else the processes by which nature has formed those lacustrine deposits, which are of a wider extent, of more ancient origin, and of so much geological importance; and it is probably to the new world that we shall be indebted—from the geographical as well as from the geological features of the country, occupied as so great a portion of its surface is by vast lakes which threaten to break down their barriers—for those facts which will prove by ocular demonstration, what science has already so boldly anticipated.

*A Guide to Marine Insurances, &c. &c.* By J. Vaucher, Esq., formerly Director of an Insurance Company, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 205. London, 1834. Baily and Co.

"CONTAINING," says the author, "the policies of the principal commercial towns in the

world, with the details of clauses proper to be inserted therein, in order to avoid the inconveniences that might result from particular laws and customs, or from any omission of conditions in the printed contracts; also remarks on the mutual relations between insurers and insureds; and comparative tables, exhibiting, at a glance, the principal conditions of the several policies, and the risks warranted by them."

In saying that this volume has the quality (sufficiently rare in our book-teeming age) of being what it professes to be, we feel that we give it the best recommendation to the mercantile man, to whom it cannot fail to be useful in proportion to the variety and extent of his transactions. As a compilation, it is evidently the result of great industry and extensive and diligent inquiry; while the introductory and concluding observations, as well as the remarks on each policy, display an intimate acquaintance with the subject of marine insurances in general. In instances of comparatively rare occurrence, however, we believe, where a British merchant, from motives of economy or convenience, orders an insurance at a foreign port, he can, by a reference to the form of policy there adopted, ascertain the contingencies against which he is secured; while, on the other hand, one who confines his insurances to London will, on perusal of the various formulæ here collected, meet with many clauses, the introduction of which would add to the security of a policy at Lloyd's. There is one point on which our author dwells with much emphasis, and, we think, not less propriety, namely, the importance of remunerative premiums, as being essential to the prosperity of the insurer, and, by consequence, to the security of the insured. We fear we shall incur the charge of presumption in opposing our theory to the practice of men much more conversant with the subject than ourselves; but we have been greatly struck by what appears to us the impolicy of one of the conditions on which insurances are effected, both in London and most other parts, namely, the exemption of the insurer from a claim for "particular average,"—that is, injury sustained by the ship, or a part of the cargo, except where the damage shall amount to a certain rate per cent. Now, as there are unprincipled men in all professions, it occurs to us, that a captain, influenced by personal interest, he having, perhaps, a share in the vessel, or by a dishonest zeal for his employers, has a strong temptation to swell the amount of damage, when he knows that if it do not reach a certain per centage the underwriters will not make it good. We cannot close our remarks without calling attention to the tables which form the appendix, and which are as much distinguished by their usefulness as by the ingenuity displayed in their construction. When to this we add, that, although written in our own language, it is the work of a Frenchman, we think we have said enough to interest the commercial world in the volume, which, with our hearty commendations, we now dismiss.

*Buckstone's Drama.* Strange's Edition. Nos. III. IV. and VI. London, 1834. Strange, Cowie, Parkers.

*THE May Queen*, two acts; *Henriette*, and the *Pet of the Petticoats*, each three, are the lively and entertaining contents of these Nos. The originality of the *May Queen*, and the admirable acting of Mathews in the *Tinker*, supported as he was by Mrs. Yates as *Mary Bowyer*, T. P. Cooke as *Sergeant Sampson*, and the author

himself as *Tom Tit*, the *Bird-catcher*, justly rendered it very popular. *Henriette* was next to *Victorine* in merit, both in effect and in the performance of Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Of the *Pet of the Petticoats*, and the talent displayed in it by the latter actress, we spoke in our last No.'s theatrical notices, as we had often done with regard to the others at the Adelphi: therefore, we need add nothing here, except a farther recommendation to the bookshelves of these neat, cheap, and amusing productions.

*The Naturalist's Library. Ornithology, Vol. III. Gallinaceous Birds.* By Sir W. Jardine, Bart. Edinburgh, Lizars; Stirling and Kenney: London, Longman, Rees, and Co.; Dublin, Curry, jun.

AN extremely well-written memoir of Aristotle, by Andrew Crichton, author of the *History of Arabia*, is prefixed to this volume; which itself embraces the first or *Pavonia* family of the *Rasores*, or third order of birds. The arrangement of this order is as yet attended with many difficulties and discrepancies; nor are these much removed by a certain want of perspicuity in the references of the plates which illustrate this volume. They are, however, beautiful and numerous; and the scientific text, as hitherto, all that could be accomplished by careful study and extensive inquiry. The *pavo*, *phasianus*, *euplocamus*, *lophophorus*, and *numida*, are the divisions. The work is admirably got up.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Biographical Gallery, comprising 240 Portraits of Distinguished Characters of all Nations, with brief descriptive Notices,* by G. Woodrow. 12mo. pp. 52. (London, Bell and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall: Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd: Dublin, Curry, jun. and Co.; Manchester, Banks and Co.)—Conveys, in general, tolerable notions of the features of the many individuals executed "in little," and the brief biographical notices doing about as much for their histories. The alphabetic arrangement might be better; but altogether, it is a cheap and useful little volume.

*The Nursery Governess*, by Elizabeth Napier, published after her death by her husband, Col. C. J. Napier, C.B. P. 75. (London, T. and W. Boone.)—An admirable little book, full of plain good sense, and well fitted to correct much of the nonsense we now see so copiously written on the subject of early education. Every family may learn what will redound to its benefit in these few pages.

*The Corner-Stone, &c.*, by Jacob Abbott. 12mo. pp. 360. (London, Whittaker.)—An anxious exposition of the elements of religious truth. Its moral tendency is excellent.

*The Book of Aphorisms*, by a Modern Pythagorean. 12mo. pp. 224. (Glasgow, M'Pherson.)—Six hundred and seventy-five sentences, on subjects of every description; certainly not all aphorisms, but some of them pointed enough, though others are not above common platitudes. *Ec. gr.* Aph. 456—"A little pepper is a great improvement to strawberries and cream;" 629—"Keen politicians are asses," &c. &c. The writer should never be oracle of ours; for many of his opinions are in our opinion unjust, untrue, or ridiculous.

*Minor Morals for Young People*, by John Bowring. 12mo. pp. 261. (London, Whittaker.)—With clever engravings by G. Cruikshank and W. Heath, this is at once a very entertaining and very instructive little volume. It is a fitting gift for the young, and well and originally written.

*Stories from Scripture, for Children, exemplified by appropriate Domestic Tales*, by Miss Graham. P. 208. (London, Dean and Munday.)—A number of very pretty and clever wood-engravings, by S. Williams, embellish this neat volume; and twelve nicely written stories are well devised for instilling a knowledge of remarkable circumstances and persons recorded in the Old Testament into the minds of children.

*My Daughter's Book*, by the Editor of the "Young Gentleman's Book." 12mo. pp. 482. (London, Baldwin, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A very good selection of prose and verse, and (Craddock.)—A very good selection of prose and verse, embracing most of the subjects which can interest youthful readers of either sex, and well calculated to improve their minds. It is an excellent volume for occasional reading, and has some neat little woodcuts.

*Trials and Triumphs; comprising the Convent's Daughter, and the Convent's Daughter.* 12mo. pp. 205. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—To the author, Mr. Daniel Richardson, we are indebted for two very natural and truth-like stories of domestic life. Good sense, and the interest of actual scenes, are their prominent recommendation.

*The Bow in the Cloud, or the Negro's Memorial.* 12mo. pp. 408. (London, Jackson and Walford.)—A collection

of original pieces, in prose and verse, illustrative of the crime of slavery, and commemorative of its recent abolition. With good intent, we can say little for the execution, or the need of this volume now; and there is a strong tinge of fanaticism about it, which detracts from its better qualities.

*The Family Expositor, &c.*, Vol. III. 8vo. pp. circ. 600. (Allen, Bell, and Co.)—This volume, in continuation of the publication of Dr. Doddridge's works, concludes the historical parts of the New Testament, and is too familiar to readers of divinity to require any notice beyond the simple announcement.

*A Summer's Tour through Belgium, up the Rhine, and to the Lakes of Switzerland; with a Table of Routes, Distances, Course of Exchange, Fares by Diligences, Boats, &c.* Small 8vo. pp. 188. (London, Chapman and Hall.)—"What may be done in two months" is a sort of motto to this work, and which really expresses its contents. It is an unpretending volume, very accurate in description, and useful as to prices, distances, &c.; telling a plain story in plain language, but claiming no farther merit.

*A little bad French* (as usual in English printing), such as *Le Vainqueur, Le Rhine, &c.*  
*Black Gowns and Red Coats, or Oxford in 1834. A Satire, in Six Parts: addressed to the Duke of Wellington.* (8vo. Ridgway.)—A very poetical and potent satire; displaying talents of a distinguished order. It is highly Whig; fiercely anti-Tory. Lashes the present system and leading men of the University; praises the London University, and advocates the admission of Dissenters; and in Part IV. introduces, by way of episode, a tale of seduction, which, like the rest, is written with a vigorous and glowing pen.

*Griffin's Chemical Recreations and Romance of Chemistry.* Pp. 572. (Glasgow, Griffin and Co.)—A seventh edition of a very edifying and amusing volume—amusing especially if the experiments it directs are made by the student in chemistry. It is truly philosophy in sport; and the sport full of pleasant instructiveness.

*French Works.*—The difficulty we find in doing justice to the mass and variety of our own literature, so as to convey a competent idea of it to our readers both home and foreign, has long induced us to confine ourselves chiefly to domestic views; but when the works of other countries are submitted to us, we consider it to be but a proper compliment to notice them in some manner. We have now on our table—

*Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution Française, ou Journal des Assemblées Nationales, depuis 1789 jusqu'en 1815*, par B. J. B. Buchez et P. C. Roux. Vols. I. II. and III. 8vo. (Paris, Paulin; Londres, Bosange, Barthes et Lowell.)—*L'Histoire Parlementaire* consists at present of the first three volumes of a work which it is intended shall be completed in about fifteen or twenty. The authors propose to reprint the debates of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, as well as of the National Conventions, such as they appeared in the journals of the times of the Revolution, and to add to them the discussions of the principal popular societies, and the proceedings of the revolutionary and other tribunals. As far as this work has hitherto proceeded, we should incline to say these details are too minute upon subjects which had little influence upon, and often no connexion with, the Revolution. It, however, must, doubtless, contain much curious historical information, and will preserve many facts and anecdotes, as well as reasonings, which will be valuable to the historian, the politician, and the philosopher. The authors have taken great pains in their selection; and though from their introduction they seem to have imbibed a variety of theoretical notions, the truth of which we are far from perceiving, yet these ideas will not detract from the merits of the work itself.

*Atlas Historique et Géographique des Guerres de la Révolution de 1792 à 1815*, par P. G. & C. 4to. Livraisons I. et II. (Paris, Paulin; Levrault.)—The Atlas is faulty in construction; the maps have frequently the north on the side instead of the top, and no mark to distinguish this; the consequence of which is great confusion. We see nothing in them to claim any superiority over common charts, nor does the letter-press in any manner render their credit.

*Concise Digest of the Laws, Usage, and Custom affecting the Commercial and Civil Intercourse of the Subjects of Great Britain and France*, (Fourth Edition,) by Ch. Okey, Barrister-at-Law to H. B. Majesty's Embassy at Paris. 8vo. (Paris, Galignani; Treuttel and Würtz; London, Hatchard; Saunders and Benning.)—Mr. Okey's work has long been favourably known on both sides of the channel; and we are glad to see it has now reached a fourth edition. The value of the information which it affords as well to commercial as legal men is every day becoming greater, and the comprehensive manner in which the subjects are treated demands our best acknowledgments.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

#### Captain Back's Expedition.

JOHN BARROW, Esq. in the chair.—The recent despatches from Captain Back were first read, with the following letter, addressed to the secretary by Dr. Richardson, which we are happy to lay before our readers *verbatim*:—

"My dear Sir,—My letter from Captain Back contains nearly the same particulars as the

one published in the *Times*, with the addition that 'the Thloo-ee-cho-dyeth is connected with a chain of small lakes by rapids and détroits, and is navigable for boats.' As you wish me to make some observations on Captain Back's letters, I will offer a few remarks, because, from having frequently talked with him on the subject of his route, I may be able to elucidate a few passages which appear obscure to those that are unacquainted with the country.

"It is highly encouraging to learn that the Thloo-ee-cho is navigable for boats so high up, and that the access to it from Great Slave Lake is both shorter and easier than might have been anticipated. All the difficulties appear to be concentrated within the first forty miles; and Captain Back, though he had a route to search for, surmounted these on the second day. The height of land which he ascended is evidently part of the same range which, originating in the Melville chain, near Franklin Bay, of the Polar Sea, has its course between Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine River, passes Fort Enterprise in latitude 63°, and runs onwards past the east ends of Great Slave Lake, the Lake of the Hills, and Deer Lake, being throughout nearly parallel to the Rocky Mountains. Hearne indicates three rivers as descending from this height into the east end of Slave Lake. The westernmost, called by him Methy River, is the one he followed on his return from the Coppermine; and as it is the longest, it will consequently have a less sudden descent, and most probably present fewer obstacles to canoe navigation. The middle one is doubtless the Hoar-frost River of Back, while the easternmost one falls into the extremity of the lake at Fort Reliance. As the height of land approaches nearest to the lake at this point, the precipitous character of the river is the natural result; but this is fully compensated by its affording the more direct route, as the early spring movements must be made before the navigation opens.

"After surmounting the steep ascent from Slave Lake, Captain Back, quitting the woods, entered the barren grounds, at the south end of a lake in latitude 63° 24' N., and longitude 108° 11' W., or thirty-six miles to the northward and fifteen miles to the eastward of Fort Reliance. Thence he directed his course through a number of large lakes, on one of which he spent three days. While observing on its shores, he saw the Thloo-ee-cho, but he does not mention its geographical position, so as to enable us to judge of the course which that river takes. The point whence he returned being, however, due north of his first position on the barren grounds, if the north-east route which he pursued through the lakes be corrected for variation, the course of the river after he embarked on it must have had a corresponding inclination westerly; but if he has merely mentioned his course by compass, the direction of both lakes and river will be nearly due north. His return to Fort Reliance was accomplished in six days, the whole journey, from leaving Slave Lake, having occupied seventeen or eighteen days, of which fourteen were spent on the barren grounds.

"During the winter he will cut proper portages through the woods, and ascertain the best route to the chain of lakes. His boats and stores can be transported on the snow for the first forty or fifty miles with comparative facility, so as to be ready for the opening of the navigation, which on the larger lakes of the barren grounds is usually towards the end of the present month of June. The Thloo-ee-cho partakes, I doubt not, of the character common

to the known rivers that flow through the primitive districts. They consist of a series of many-armed lakes connected by narrows of various lengths, in which the current is rapid. In the lake-like expansions there is little or no current, and the ice remains late in the seasons. Before the Thloo-ee-cho reaches the sea, it will most probably traverse a slaty or trap district, where it will assume the common form of a river, and be ornamented with clumps of wood on the low alluvial points; and such is in fact the report which we received respecting it from the Indians. The tribe that Captain Back found at Fort Resolution were unacquainted with the Thloo-ee-cho; but I have no doubt that some of the old copper-Indian relatives of his hunters will visit Fort Reliance in the course of the winter, and from them he may extract much useful information. Formerly the Indians made frequent war excursions against the Esquimaux at the mouth of the river, but of late years that practice has been abandoned.

"Our next communication from Captain Back will detail his winter proceedings, and may reach us in two or three months; but we cannot expect to hear of the further progress of the expedition until next year, when I hope we shall learn that it was fairly launched on the Thloo-ee-cho in the first days of July. If the river falls into Bathurst's Inlet, its course, being due north, will be comparatively short; but as none of the streams of that inlet were navigable for boats, it has probably a more easterly direction. In either case, should no unfavourable accident occur, the expedition will reach the sea by the middle of July, or about the time the ice breaks up.

"Fort Reliance is remarkably well placed for obtaining a good supply of fish, the east end of Slave Lake being noted among the Indians for the great size and abundance of its trout. Captain Back mentions his having killed musk-oxen on the Thloo-ee-cho, which shews that these animals come more to the southward on that meridian than they do farther to the westward. The rein-deer are also very numerous; so that, independent of the assistance he received from the Hudson's Bay Company, there is every prospect of an ample supply of food, and well-founded grounds for the high flow of spirits in which Captain Back writes.

"It may be interesting to compare the position of the river as indicated by Hearne with that ascertained by Captain Back. Hearne's track outward, as laid down in his map, crosses the Thlewey-chuck in latitude 65° 52'; but in a former communication to you I have shewn that the only observation for latitude recorded by that traveller, namely, Conge-ca-tha-wa-chego was erroneous by 21½° of latitude, while he has laid down the shore of Great Slave Lake only half a degree to the northward of its true position; these two known points of Hearne's route having been correctly ascertained by Sir John Franklin. Point Lake, in which Hearne states the Thloo-ee-cho to originate, is placed in his map at equal distances from the above-mentioned points, and consequently its position ought to be in latitude 64°, and his crossing-place of the river in 64° 33' north, corresponding nearly with the parallel to which Captain Back traced it, though Hearne's corrected course would place it twenty miles more to the westward than the longitude ascertained by Captain Back.

"It may assist you in tracing Hearne's route to have an explanation of a few of the names in his map, as in some instances it is difficult

to follow him, from the Indian appellation being set down in his narrative, and merely the translation of it on his map.

"*Thlooce* or *thlewey* means *fish*; and *yaza*, or *aze*, *little*; hence Hearne himself explains *Thlewey-aze-yeth* to mean *Little Fish Hill*, though it is appropriated to a lake. *Choh*, or as Hearne's map has it, *chuck*, means *big*; *dessy* or *tessy*, *river*; hence *Thlewey-choh-dessy*, is *Big Fish River*. Captain Back writes the latter term *dyeth*, which is probably a combination of the word signifying *river*, with that denoting *hill*; but the northern Indian language has so many aspirates and sounds difficult for an Englishman to pronounce, and still more difficult to express by letters, that two people would seldom agree in the orthography. *Titarney* and *seartack* are Cree names, the one signifying a *white fish*, and the other a *root*. *Clovey* means *trout*, and is pronounced so as to be scarcely distinguishable from *thloo-ee*. The northern Indian name for *lake* is *to*; but Hearne always uses *whoie*, which may have agreed better with the pronunciation of the tribe he travelled with. *Kasbah-to*, written by Hearne *coased-whoie*, is *Partridge-lake*. *Peesheew*, the Cree name for a *cat*, or *Canadian lynx*, is Hearne's appellation for a large lake, lying next on his route northwards. This name cannot be known to the northern Indians, as the lynx does not exist on the barren grounds. In Arrowsmith's and in Walker's maps, which I gave to Captain Back, this lake is called *Cheesadawd*, through some mistake, as no such name occurs either in Hearne's narrative or map. The position of the north point of this lake in Walker's map is  $63^{\circ} 40' N$ .  $108^{\circ} W$ . long.; and to this Captain Back refers in his letter to me. Between *Cat* or *Pesheew Lake*, and the *Thloo-ee-cho*, Hearne indicates two long lakes, with the meaning of whose Indian names I am unacquainted; they will, however, I daresay, prove to belong to the chain of lakes which Captain Back traversed.

"Yours, &c. JOHN RICHARDSON."

After this, a communication was read, "On the manners of the inhabitants of Southern Arabia, and the comparative geography of the shores of the Red Sea," by James Bird, Esq. We regret that we cannot enter on this at present. The Right Hon. T. Spring Rice was elected a member of the Society; also Mr. John Lander, without payment of fees, so proposed by the council, in compliment to the memory of his deceased brother, and his own services, as his only companion when he first discovered the Quorra. At the conclusion of the meeting, it was announced from the chair that the session was closed, and that the next meeting would consequently be held in November.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

MR. F. BAILY in the chair.—On the Satellites of Uranus, by Sir J. Herschel. This paper, dated from Portsmouth on the eve of the author's departure for the Cape of Good Hope in November last, contains an investigation of the motions of two of these satellites. Notwithstanding the remarkable peculiarities presented by the satellites of this planet in the great inclinations of their orbits to the orbit of the primary planet, and their retrograde motions, they have never been observed, or even seen (so far as the author is aware), except in the telescope with which they were originally discovered. In a paper by the late Sir W. Herschel (*Phil. Trans.* for 1815), and containing the whole series of his observations on these

satellites, the existence of at least two of them appears to be placed beyond a doubt; but since that time the unfavourable situation of the planet, to the south of the equator, has opposed a serious obstacle to their re-observation, even with telescopes of the highest optical capacity. Since the year 1828 the author has made repeated observations upon two of the satellites with the 20-feet reflector at Slough, from which he has deduced an approximate determination of their orbits.—Observations of the transit of Mercury over the Sun's disc in May 1832, and of the Comet of Encke in June 1832, at Buenos Ayres, by M. Mossotti. The first phenomenon was observed with a 34-feet telescope, furnished with an object-glass micrometer; and several measures of distances from the centre of the planet to the edge of the sun's disc were taken soon after sunrise. The whole terminated about noon. The distances and times are given; but they are too long to be inserted here.—Micrometrical measures of the positions and distances of 121 double-stars, taken at Ormskirk, in the years 1830-33, by the Rev. W. R. Dawes. The author observes, that since the middle of the year 1831 he has uniformly placed the stars between the parallel threads in measuring their position. This plan, suggested to him by Sir J. Herschel, he much prefers to any other. He speaks in the highest terms of the advantage accruing from the use of a red illumination of the field; he usually employed as deep a colour as the light afforded by the lamp would permit; but the most important improvement he has yet tried consists in the interposition of a concave achromatic lens between the object-glass and its principal focus, by which, the focal image being enlarged to above twice its original size, a very high magnifying power may be obtained; while the threads of the micrometer appear of sufficient fineness to permit the measurements in distance of very close and minute stars without distortion. Having frequently felt the inconvenience arising from the threads being magnified in proportion to the power used on the telescope, the author stated the difficulty to Mr. Dollond, who speedily and most perfectly removed it by the application of the lens above mentioned. The effect is the same, in respect of the power of the telescope and the fineness of the threads, as if the focal length of the object-glass were increased to about 10 feet 2 inches. The magnifiers, with the micrometer, have been varied according to the object and the circumstances. At first, the author usually employed 226: this was subsequently exchanged for 285; while 55, 80, and 140 were occasionally applied for very faint objects, and 340, 480, 550, and 625 for very close or bright ones.—Catalogue of the North Polar distances of sixty stars reduced to January 1st, 1830, derived from observations made at Greenwich by the two circles and six microscopes, 1825—1833. From the Astronomer Royal. The results are here compared with those of M. Bessel, the observations having been previously reduced by his refractions. The catalogue is deduced from 30,000 observations, for the most part by reflection with both circles. Mr. Pond considers that the mechanical error must be inconsiderable, and that the observed difference between the two catalogues may arise from error in one or both of the co-latitudes; while that of stars near the horizon he is rather disposed to attribute to flexure than refraction; but, he remarks, in our method of observing, the instrumental errors diminish as we approach the horizon—a circumstance which

cannot be too often insisted on, because he found, in comparing our observations with those made by altitude and azimuth instruments, that in stars observed in the perfect position of those instruments, viz. near the zenith, the results have agreed with ours; and in proportion as the observations recede from this point, and, therefore, from the nature of the instrument, are less perfect, the discrepancy with our observations becomes perceptible, and is greatest in those points where we have every reason to believe our instrument perfect.—A valuable paper, by the Rev. R. Sheepshanks, on a clock for giving motion in right ascension to equatorial instruments, is too long to admit of abstract in this No. of the *Lit. Gazette*.

##### STATISTICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE want so long and generally felt in this country, of an institution having for its object the making us acquainted, through the medium of its periodical publications, as well with the authenticated facts connected with domestic and inter-national economy, as with the general application of their various ramifications to the ends and purposes of government, has, at length, we rejoice to say, been happily supplied by the valuable addition of the above Society to the many learned and scientific bodies already existing in the metropolis; and which, judging from the spirited manner in which it has been commenced, bids fair, very soon, to rival, both in importance and in usefulness, the most distinguished of its continental precursors. In the various states of enterprising Germany, statistics, it is well known, have long constituted a favourite branch of study, and held a distinguished place; so much so, indeed, that Germany may be fairly cited as the land where the science has been cultivated with the greatest care, and where it has attained to a high degree of excellence. Nor has France been remiss in treading in the footsteps of her enlightened neighbour, as witness the formation of her *Société de Statistique Universelle*—ranking amongst its members some of the most illustrious names in Europe, and which in opening to her *savans* a new field for their scientific researches, can scarcely fail to give a fresh impetus to the cause, and be productive of much utility. In Italy, too, the study of this interesting science is fast gaining ground; while there are many works extant in the Italian language that are well deserving of attention. Thus it remained only for England to take her stand on the arena of statistics in a *tangible* form, and in a manner commensurate with her dignity; and in putting herself in close communication with her foreign contemporaries to insure an interchange of information founded on comparison and fact, which should be conducive to the interest and welfare both of herself and neighbours. She has now responded to the call, and we hail the favourable omen with pleasure and satisfaction. At a general meeting of the Society, (the last, we believe, for the season,) held at their rooms in St. Martin's Place, on Monday last—the Rev. Richard Jones in the chair—a report on its present state and prospects was submitted by the council, the tenor of which proved of the most encouraging description; sundry presents of valuable books, charts, &c. &c. from distinguished individuals, were announced, and several new members enrolled as fellows of the Society—thus (as appears by the printed list) making the present number of fellows amount to upwards of four hundred; a most gratifying fact, considering the short period of the Society's existence, and



one which, at the same time, augurs very favourably for its future success. It is pleasing to observe the combination of rank, talent, and fortune, here displayed in support of a patriotic national object, many of the greatest names which the country can boast (besides several foreigners of distinction, who are allowed to rank as foreign members) appearing on the list of fellows, while we are given to understand that the number of these (which is to be unlimited) is daily augmenting. As we are sincere well-wishers to the Society, we shall not fail to take an occasional glance at its proceedings, in which many of our numerous readers will doubtless feel a lively interest.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WILLIAM YARRELL, Esq. in the chair.—No fewer than one hundred and fifteen fellows were elected into the Society. During last month nearly 40,000 persons visited the gardens and museum. Balance in favour of the Society, carried to the 1st of July, 1093*l*. 18*s*. 11*d*. The council reported that the state of the last balance was such as to authorise the investment of further sums in part of the amount due to the investment fund. The last order for investment completes the amount due to that fund, up to the commencement of the present year. Respecting the introduction of a military band to the Society's gardens, the council reject it, believing that it would be attended with many inconveniences, which ought to be avoided. Amongst the distinguished individuals to be ballotted for at the next meeting, is the Duchess of Kent.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. KING'S COLLEGE.

THE third annual distribution of prizes to the students in the senior and junior departments of this popular Institution took place on Friday, last week, before a numerous assemblage of the friends and patrons of the Institution, amongst whom we noticed the Bishop of London, Lord Bexley, Viscount Encombe, Sir R. H. Inglis, Hon. H. Legge, Archdeacon Cambridge, Rev. Drs. D'Oyley and Shepherd, Rev. W. Whewell, &c. &c. besides many other distinguished individuals. About two o'clock, his Grace the Visitor having taken the chair and delivered a preliminary address, the Principal proceeded to make a report of the general results of the studies in the senior department during the past academical year, which appeared to have been of the most satisfactory description; and the learned gentleman concluded his remarks by mentioning the students to whom he had awarded the prizes in the class of theology. The different professors then came forward to announce the names of the students in their respective classes who had entitled themselves to prizes at the late examination, which were thereupon delivered to them by his Grace, with an address calculated to stimulate them to renewed exertion.

On the report of the head and other masters, prizes were also presented to upwards of fifty young gentlemen in the junior department; and, in accordance with the practice of the council, rewards of merit were severally given to the most distinguished pupils of the various district schools at present in union with the College. A vote of thanks to the chairman having been moved by the Bishop of London, and his Grace having returned thanks in an appropriate speech, the meeting (which, *soit dit*, comprised a goodly sprinkling both of beauty and fashion) separated, evidently much pleased with the day's proceedings.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Specimens of Ancient Furniture.* Drawn from existing Authorities, by Henry Shaw, F.S.A. Parts V., VI., and VII. Pickering.

ANY one who compares the elaborately carved and richly ornamented articles so finely represented in these and the preceding numbers of Mr. Shaw's able publication, with the bald and meagre productions of a similar kind in the present day, cannot but become aware of one of the causes of the want of occupation of which the working classes so generally, and, we fear, so justly complain. A princely mansion may now be completely furnished with as little labour and expense as in the time of the Tudors it took to construct a single table or chair. That very ill understood word "utility" is threatening the elegant, the picturesque, and the beautiful, with utter destruction; and with what, we should like to know, are they to be replaced?

*Fisher's Picturesque Illustrations of Great Britain and Ireland.* Parts XVIII. to XXIII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

MR. ALLOM's masterly pencil continues, with unabated power and taste, to delineate the inexhaustible beauties of the north of England—of Westmorland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland—for this valuable topographical publication; the sustained excellence of which does credit to all parties concerned in it.

*Barber's Picturesque Illustrations of the Isle of Wight.* Nos. IX. to XIV. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE completion of this pretty guide-book. No one henceforward, who wishes fully to enjoy all the beauties of "the garden of England," ought to visit that delightful spot without first putting Mr. Barber's little volume into his pocket.

*Etchings.* By D. C. Read.

HALF-A-DOZEN new proofs of the vigour and taste of Mr. Read's etching-needle; quite equal—they could not be superior—to the specimens which we have on former occasions noticed of his painter-like feeling and execution.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—The extreme kindness with which you have ever treated my communications, though you have but once given me an insertion, has induced me again to trouble you; and though, perhaps, such reiterated communications be no encouragement for continued kindness, I have again troubled you with a short poem for your imperial fiat. If I could plead any other excuse for my persevering correspondence it would be—youth; having but just become my own master in the world. May I long continue so, and may you long continue in it! is the prayer of your humble, obedient servant,  
T. C.

#### THE POET'S GRAVE.

His was the high and sweeping soul,  
O'er nature wildly cast;  
On cloud, on cataract, and rock,  
The sun-flash, and the blast.

His words were as a meteor-trail  
Along the mid-storm gloom;  
To gather to themselves all eyes,  
To startle and illumine.

The wild and solitary path  
Amid the mountain breeze,  
The murmur of the tempest's song,  
The night-rush of the seas—

The haughty sounds of forest winds  
At their full pean roll;—  
These were the fearful melodies  
That moved his burning soul.

But now, alas! no voice is there,  
Save the low south-wind's moan,  
Amid the weeds that gather rank  
Around his burial stone.

The flood, with all its crisping waves,  
The summer's breath of flowers,  
Skies, with their purpling pomp of light,  
And night's star-burnish'd hours;  
Still flush the earth: but thou canst feel  
Their rich bright life no more—  
The song, the gift, the eloquence,  
The pealing tones are o'er.

Thou that hadst power to rouse the breast,  
Whose lightest thought was fame;  
Alas! thou art but weightless dust,  
A nothingness—a name!

Who has a song like thine to thrill  
The ancient hills—the air?  
Who has a touch like thine to wake  
The heart-throb and the tear?

Yet wert thou mortal as the least  
Frail insect on the ray—  
Thy home was but a sterner cell,  
Thy hours a darker day—

A fire-fly sporting on the gloom,  
Or music's dying swell,  
Known only by its track of light,  
Or faint burst of farewell!

Oh, can it be that thou wert made  
Material as thy breath?  
No! surely there is some far strand  
Through crumbling earth and death!  
Wisbech. T. C.

#### MUSIC.

##### ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

No one who has not attempted the task can fully appreciate the difficulty of compressing within prescribed limits the remarks suggested by a subject affording superabundant materials of interest and excitement. When some one asked Sir Walter Scott why he did not write his life of Napoleon in three volumes, instead of nine, his answer was, "I had not time." A reply which will appear by no means paradoxical to any who have had the least literary experience; as it is a truism among all such, that it is much easier to amplify than to condense; to be verbose on the most barren, than concise on the most fertile theme. Thus far by way of bespeaking the indulgence of our readers, though we know not as yet how much or how little we may be induced to trespass on it.

The effect of the music at the Abbey was so much modified by the situation of the hearer, as to produce the most opposite results in the minds of different individuals who were present even on the same day. This may account for much seeming contradiction, both in the written and verbal reports of the performance. During our attendance on the Festival, we made various experiments on this head; and the result was a conviction that the sides of the building were most favourable to the effect of the chorus, though not to that of the principal singers: while in any situation immediately facing the orchestra, the case was exactly reversed; the chorus was, comparatively ineffective, but the *solo* performers appeared to much more advantage. We must add to this, that the gallery had, on the whole, the advantage over the lower part, as regarded the choral effects; the main body of chorus-singers being placed at the extreme end of each of the side galleries, in the two highest corners to the right and left of the orchestra.

This arrangement, while it facilitated the precision of their movements, by giving them a full view of the conductor, had, at the same time, the disadvantage of preventing the whole effect of their exertions from being felt by a large portion of the audience.

"Zadok the Priest," the most popular of Handel's Coronation Anthems, was the first piece that resounded within the walls of the Abbey on this memorable occasion, and a most favourable impression did it convey of the powers of the band and chorus. Throughout the "Creation," the performance of both was above all praise, and the effect of the subdued accompaniment particularly delightful. Madame Caradori's execution of "With verdure clad," would have been perfect, had she refrained from introducing some "graceless graces" of her own. A similar remark applies to Madame Stockhausen in the song "On mighty pens." Mrs. Bishop's voice was much more effective than that of either of the above-named ladies.

In the selection from "Sampson," the "Dead March" was introduced, apparently for the purpose of shewing that the band *could* be ineffective. The time, which was hardly slow enough from the first, was occasionally hurried most unmercifully, and some of the wind instruments were constantly out of tune. The choruses from "Samson," "O! first-created beam," "Fix'd in his everlasting seat," and "Let their celestial concerts," were all highly effective. We regret that the exquisite chorus, "Then round about the starry throne," was not included in the selection. Braham gave a very touching expression to the song, "Total eclipse;" and Miss Clara Novello, in the little that fell to her share, acquitted herself so well as to make it matter of regret she had not more to do.

The Second Day commenced with a miscellaneous act, and nearly (why was it not quite?) the whole of "Israel in Egypt." The best points of the first part were Handel's "Coronation Anthem," "The king shall rejoice," excellently performed; a beautiful sacred song by Mozart, with Italian words, sung by Signor Rubini with more good taste than we had previously given him credit for; and a "Gloria" from one of Beethoven's masses, adapted to English words, and performed in a manner worthy of such a noble composition. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the choral part, nor the exquisite pathos of the intervening quartet, which was most beautifully sung by Miss Clara Novello, Miss H. Cawse, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. E. Taylor. The "Agnus Dei" of Mozart's first mass does not suit Mdme. Stockhausen's voice: she spoiled the effect of several beautiful passages, by singing the notes an octave higher than written. The crowning glory of the Festival, "Israel in Egypt," with its magnificent double choruses, and poetically descriptive power, demands much more than the brief notice we are enabled to give it. Two of the choruses, "And the children of Israel sighed," and "The depths have covered them," would have been more effective if taken a degree slower. The rest were gloriously performed—no other word is strong enough to convey an idea of their all-exciting power over the audience. Who, that was present on Thursday, will ever forget the appalling effect produced by "He spake the word," sung by the basses with a degree of unity and energy that made it appear as the emission of one mighty voice? Then, again, "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies," presented to the imagination a vivid picture of

the drowning Egyptians,—the roaring and gushing of the waves seemed a thing of absolute and present reality, rather than of sacred historical record. In the finely-imagined accompaniment to this chorus, we are informed that the double-bass of Dragonetti worked wonders; but we confess that we were, at the time of its performance, too much engrossed by the general effect to examine the details. To particularize any of the other choruses would be an act of injustice to the rest; so powerfully did they all, with the two exceptions first-named, appeal to the imagination or the feelings. The duet, "The Lord is a Man of War" was admirably sung by Messrs. Phillips and Machin; the latter is a very promising bass-singer. Among the most pleasing *solo* performances were Mrs. Knyvett's "Thou didst blow with the wind," and a recitative, "Hail, holy light," by Miss Clara Novello. Before taking leave of the second day, we must not forget to render the tribute of praise due to Miss Betts for her musician-like style of executing a song from "Joshua," "Oh! who can tell?" introduced in the miscellaneous selection.

The third day's performance was entirely miscellaneous. Among the choruses, "Disdainful of danger," and "Fall'n is the foe," from "Judas Maccabeus;" a "Dixit Dominus," by Leo; the last chorus in Beethoven's "Mount of Olives;" and "Glory to God! the strong cemented walls," from "Joshua," were the most effective. Braham, on this day, shone out in full splendour in two songs that exactly suited him, though in opposite styles—"Sound an alarm," and "Waft her, angels." In the last, particularly, his appeal to the heart was overwhelming. In the recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," as well as in the air, he sang with a purity of style and intensity of feeling to which no language can do justice. The tears of his auditors spoke his praise far more eloquently and appropriately than noisy plaudits could have done. Lindley's violoncello accompaniments and symphonies to the song, "O liberty" (pleasingly sung by Mr. Bennett), derived additional attractions from the spaciousness of the building, which gave the most fascinating sweetness to his tone, at all times clear and beautiful. Speaking of this song, reminds us of the chorus which preceded it, "Oh! Father, whose almighty power," one of the most attractive in the selection, and which ought to be included among the best of the choral performances. Mrs. Bishop's style and execution in "From mighty kings," and the recitative preceding it, were both admirable. Mlle. Grisi sang Mozart's "Laudate Dominum" tolerably well; her concluding shake was very beautiful. She also acquitted herself creditably in the "Et incarnatus" of Haydn's first mass, so that she was in some degree consoled for the failure of her first attempt at the Festival. Miss Stephens's most successful effort was "Farewell, ye limpid springs," or rather the recitative preceding it, "Ye sacred Priests," which she sang with much purity and feeling. The accompaniment of stringed instruments to the last movement of this song was played with exquisite taste by the *élite* of the band.

The fourth day's performance consisted of the "Messiah" only, and calls for very little remark, as the oratorio is so well known and appreciated. The choruses were, in some instances, less effective than we had anticipated they would be, considering that the performers generally must know them by heart. In "For unto us," the *crescendo* at the commencement was very finely wound up; but the climax at the words, "Wonderful, Counsellor," &c., was

wofully deficient in vocal force,—the instruments only were heard; and we felt the disappointment the more, from having all along anticipated a splendid burst of the voices at this particular point.

The more difficult choruses were beautifully executed; there was a smoothness and precision at once delightful and wonderful in so large a body of performers. On the whole, those who did not hear "Israel in Egypt" would, most likely, be abundantly satisfied with the "Messiah." One of the finest effects throughout the Oratorio was the *crescendo* in the chorus, "Their sound is gone out;" this was most complete and delightful. In "The Lord gave the word," the basses again shewed themselves to be "approved good men," as they had previously done in a similar passage in "Israel in Egypt." Some of the principal singers were much less effective than they ought to have been on an occasion like this. Mr. Hawkins had the negative merit of not spoiling "Oh! thou that tellest!" by a long cadence, besides the positive one of singing in tune and with a right feeling of the subject. Madame Caradori tackled a most outrageous *roulade* to the end of "rejoice greatly," at the rehearsal; but had the prudence to curtail it a little on the day of performance. If we must have cadences, Miss Masson's are about the best that could be chosen; they are short, expressive, and appropriate. Mr. Vaughan's style of singing the recitative, "All they that see him," was absolutely perfect. Miss Shirreff's brilliant voice rang out well through the Abbey, but, alas! her cold, hard, theatrical style is ill-suited to the music of Handel. "How beautiful are the feet," by Miss Clara Novello, was among the best of the *solo* performances. Mr. Phillips' excellence in the songs of the "Messiah" is well known. Miss Stephens sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with some sweetness, but little dignity or energy. We have only to remark, in conclusion, that we trust some opportunities of hearing choral music performed on a grand scale, within the vicinity of the metropolis, will present themselves to the public in less than the course of another half century. Q.

#### DRAMA.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

LAST night of the season (the brief "after-season") was in the bills last night, when this droll manœuvre concluded with the benefit of a very rising performer, Mr. Seguin. Farley, too, who has contributed so much to the public amusement, had his benefit this week.

##### NEW ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

MR. ARNOLD has circulated an address previous to the opening of this very handsome theatre. From this we learn, that it is intended to draw up the curtain precisely at eight o'clock, and so to arrange as to close the performances, generally, about a quarter before the midnight hour. That there is to be no half-price to interrupt the entertainments: that there is to be a balcony projecting beyond the dress circle, with separate seats, to be taken nightly, or by the season; and, lastly, that British talent, in every department of the theatre, is to be sought for, and encouraged. These are excellent designs; and the proprietor is, of all others, the man to carry what is good in design into complete effect.

##### THE ADELPHI

Also terminated the merry season of Matthews's old, yet ever new, performances last

night. What a revenue he would have if he had but a guinea for every muscle he has relaxed with uncontrollable laughter, and every hour he has lighted by the display of his unrivalled variety of powers!

## VICTORIA.

On Wednesday Mr. Abbott signalled the beginning of his single reign here by the production of Miss Mitford's play of *Charles the First*, which was presented with great attention to costume and scenery. It was opened by a prologue, written, and exceedingly well spoken, by Mr. Serle; after which the representation of the tragedy proceeded before a full and distinguished audience, such as it was a pleasure to see once more collected to witness an effort worthy of the legitimate drama. The author has confined the action to the imprisonment of Charles in Carisbrooke Castle, his removal thence to London, his trial and execution. To effect all these events the master-spirit and agency of Cromwell is directed; and the whole consists as closely as could befit the stage with the reality of history. It is therefore unnecessary to detail the circumstances. The most striking scenes are those in which Charles is taken from Carisbrooke by Harrison; an interview with his queen while a prisoner at Hampton Court; another with his children, into which Cromwell is introduced; the trial; the signature of the death-warrant, instigated by Cromwell; and the final execution. The contrast is between the humbled monarch and his crafty enemy—the sufferings of the martyr and the fanatic or hypocritical energy of his destroyer. Abbott dressed, looked, and played the king to admiration. It was a Vandyke-like portrait in appearance, and very affecting in situation and language. Cromwell was sustained by Mr. Cathcart (who has formerly acted in the metropolis) with earnestness and vigour; though he did not do all which we think could be done with a dramatic character so powerfully drawn. The queen was performed by Mrs. Fisher, who exerted herself successfully to give force and feeling to the proud and afflicted princess. Lord Fairfax was well personated by Mr. Selby, and his lady by Miss Somerville. The king's daughter, the young Elizabeth, was sweetly played by Miss Josephine; and noblemen, commissioners, judges, &c. in Green, Webster, Doyne, Bender, &c. were dressed and acted as befitted the Cavaliers and Roundheads of those desolating and murderous times. The general effect was excellent throughout; and frequent tears, as well as frequent applause, rewarded the pathos elicited by the fair author, and the skill with which her conceptions were executed. The attempt is most honourable to the management; and, if we may judge from the first two nights, is likely to meet a considerable portion of the public encouragement it deserves. Apropos of this play, we may notice, that in 1737 Havarad, an actor belonging to the Lincoln's Inn Fields Company, wrote a tragedy called *Charles the First*. On the February 12, 1767, it was acted by Mr. Rogers Kemble's company at Worcester, "thus cast: *James, Duke of Richmond*, by Mr. Siddons, who was now an actor in Kemble's company; *James, Duke of York*, by Master John Kemble, who was then about twelve years old. *The Young Princess*, by Miss Kemble, then approaching to fourteen; *Lady Fairfax*, by Mrs. Kemble. Singing between the acts, by Mr. Fowler and Miss Kemble. In the April following Master John Kemble is announced as *Philidel*, in *King Arthur*, and Miss Kemble as *Ariel*, in *The Tempest*.

## THE FITZROY

Has opened under a new management, and is doing well.

## VARIETIES.

*Discovery of Silver Ore in the Oural Mountains.*—The Oural chain has been for several years well known to Europe for its rich gold and platina ores. A discovery has now been made of rich silver ore in two places. The first is seventy wersts from the foundry of Nischneitglsk, near to the confluence of the little river Graesnoy with the Tagil, where gold also occurs; the other is twenty-two wersts from the foundry of Nischneitglsk, on the little river Ulka.

*The Literary Fund.*—The Greenwich anniversary, on Wednesday, we are glad to hear, promises to be numerously attended by literary characters. This social entertainment closes the sessional business of the Society for several months, when the Committee again resumes its labours of benevolence and prompt and effectual succour. Let us not miss the opportunity of repeating how pre-eminently deserving of the attention of literary men, and of the lovers of literature, is this Institution. The former, in particular, ought to remember it in the days of their prosperity; for, in their now more than ever precarious pursuit, they cannot foresee when the cloud of adversity may overshadow even the highest.

*Fine Arts in America.*—The annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, now open at Clinton Hall, is fully equal to any former one. There are 170 paintings and five pieces of statuary. Ball Hughes' statues of "Uncle Toby and the Widow," illustrative of Sterne, although unequal to "Tam O'Shanter," are a capital hit; nobody can wonder, after viewing them, that the benevolent but imprudent search for the mote in the widow's eye should have "done Uncle Toby's business" for him. It is gratifying to perceive that our own artists, too, are not altogether neglected in the commercial metropolis—though we are too much in the rear of the "American Athens," Boston. Cole's great picture of "the Angels appearing to the Shepherds," and Morse's "Gallery of the Louvre," are proofs that native talent is not on the decline.—*American Advertiser.*

*Volney*, the correspondent of Jefferson, the celebrated traveller, philosopher, and contemner of Christianity, asked Washington to give him letters of recommendation, to be used in his excursions in the states. He was probably understood. The letter given contained only these words: "C. Volney needs no recommendation from George Washington."—*Id.*

*Astronomy: an Example.*—The encouragement of science in other countries often makes us blush for the parsimony of our own. The Emperor of Russia has directed the erection of an observatory within six miles of St. Petersburg, and given 10,000*l.* for the purchase of instruments. The celebrated Struvé of Dorpat is to be at the head of it; and is coming to England to examine and purchase instruments. *Rembrandt.*—During the last two or three years the Dutch have been making large profits in mercantile speculations; and they are now investing money in the purchase, wherever they can find them, of the works of their great ornament in the fine arts, Rembrandt.

*The Earl of Dudley's Newfoundland Dog.*—The unrivalled marble statue of this splendid animal, executed for the late Earl by Mr. M.

Wyatt, in a style of consummate art, worthy of the faithful favourite of any monarch, and yet so strangely treated by his lordship's executors as to afford the artist an opportunity of exhibiting his extraordinary work—has been added to the exhibition of his horses, of which we have already spoken among our usual notices of such productions; and the whole together are indeed an honour to our native school. Never was either animal more justly or more admirably sculptured.

*Mr. Russell's Concert.*—Accident, such as may happen with the most careful critics and messengers, has deprived us of the means of doing justice to Mr. Russell's concert; which we regret the more, as his splendid bass voice renders him one of the distinguished ornaments of our native school, and consequently one who merits every encouragement the press and the public can bestow.

*Beetles.*—Accounts from Hungary state, that so prodigious a number of a species of beetle have this season been produced from the earth in that country as almost entirely to destroy the crops.

*The Lady Chapel.*—We rejoice to observe that his Majesty has presented twenty-five pounds to the committee to whom we are indebted for the preservation of this fine and venerable monument of ecclesiastical architecture, towards discharging the balance of debt incurred in that laudable and patriotic undertaking.

*Waggery.*—The Bayswater Road is conspicuously placarded with recommendatory bills of "THE GREAT WESTERN CEMETRY;" beneath one sheet of which, a wag has inscribed, in equally large letters, "N. B. New graves warmed by steam!"

The "*Allmanach auf das Jahr, 1834*," which we have just received from Carlsruhe, is this year, we think, smaller than ever, and quite a literary curiosity. Here are its true dimensions,



and yet it gives us, on nineteen leaves, besides its almanac information, portraits of General Jackson, the King of Prussia, and Otho, king of Greece—fanciful emblems and verses—and other prettinesses, curious enough within so small a compass.

## Receipts of the Theatres of Paris during the Year 1833.

	Francs.	Cents.
Opera.....	1,104,443	15
Porte St. Martin.....	585,190	65
Vaudeville.....	547,380	70
Varietés.....	516,261	90
Gymnase.....	487,185	—
Opera Comique.....	449,308	55
Théâtre Italien.....	421,867	15
Palais Royal.....	415,783	15
Théâtre Français.....	411,882	45
Crique Olympique.....	390,762	90
Ambigu Comique.....	312,594	50
Théâtre de la Gaîté.....	281,897	10
Folies Dramatiques.....	140,289	10
Odéon.....	56,710	10
Théâtre Molière.....	46,184	25
Théâtre du Pantheon.....	39,916	60
Théâtre Anglais.....	6,011	60

6,209,568 85

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

## In the Press.

*Fic-Nic*, by Mr. Angelo, the celebrated master of fence, whose long knowledge of life in London, must have stored him with many curious matters for the public amusement. We are glad to see that the old man musters many kind original contributors to his work among his friends, such as Colman, Bulwer, Hook, Horace Smith, Penke, &c. &c.; especially, as to him, success is now a necessity.

*Trouf and Salmon Fishing in Wales*, by George Agar Hassard.



The second volume of Mr. Montgomery Martin's History of the British Colonies, containing "Possessions in the West Indies."

The Book of Matrimony, addressed to both sexes.  
Twenty Minutes' Advice to Young Mothers, on Suckling their own Children.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels into Bokhara, &c., by Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, F.R.S., 3 vols. 8vo. 2s. 2s. bds. — Illustrations of the Botany of the Himalayan Mountains, by J. Forbes Boyle, Part III. imp. 4to. 2s. sewed. — Sacred Classics, Vol. VII. (Jeremy Taylor's Select Sermons), 12mo 3s. 6d. cloth. — The Life and Missionary Labours of Mrs. Smith, of South Africa, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds. — The Corner-Stone, by Jacob Abbott, with Preface, &c. by the Rev. R. Philip, 18mo. 4s. cloth. — A Remedy for Wandering Thoughts in the Worship of God, by the Rev. R. Steele, 18mo. 3s. cloth. — Female Biography of the New Testament, by Thomas Timpson, 18mo. 3s. cloth. — Ford's Century of the Prayers on Faith, Hope, and Charity, 3d. edit. 18mo. 4s. cloth. — An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb, by J. H. Curtis, Esq., 3d. edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds. — Letters to Young Men, by Richard Sharp, 3d. edit. fcp. 8vo. 5s. cloth. — The Preacher, Vol. VII., 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds. — Views of the European Colonies, by John Howison, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds. — The Disinherited, and the Enslaved, by the Authors of "Platitudes," 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds. — Johnston's Edinburgh Magazine, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 6s. 6d. cloth. — The Works of Martin Doyle, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. cloth. — Maxims, Reflections, and Observations, &c., in Prose and Poetry, by the late W. C. Smith, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cloth. — An Analytical Arrangement of the Apocalypse, by Richard Roe, 4to. 15s. bds. — A Memoir of Richard Hatch, by the Rev. S. R. Allom, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds. — Hooker's Journal of Botany, Part III., 8vo. 7s. 6d. sewed. — Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science, Part XV., 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1834.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 19	From 49. to 78.	29.49 to 29.80
Friday .. 20	.. 51. .. 81.	29.71 .. 29.69
Saturday .. 21	.. 51. .. 85.	29.74 .. 29.71
Sunday .. 22	.. 57. .. 75.	29.79 .. 29.98
Monday .. 23	.. 49. .. 76.	30.23 .. 30.27
Tuesday .. 24	.. 46. .. 75.	30.29 stationary
Wednesday 25	.. 47. .. 71.	30.25 .. 30.17

Prevailing wind, S.W.  
Except the mornings of the 22d and 25th, generally clear; rain in the morning of the former day.

Rain fallen, '3 of an inch.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 26	From 59. to 75.	30.14 to 30.12
Friday .. 27	.. 49. .. 74.	30.10 .. 30.06
Saturday .. 28	.. 52. .. 79.	30.04 .. 30.11
Sunday .. 29	.. 54. .. 80.	30.17 .. 30.22
Monday .. 30	.. 51. .. 81.	30.26 .. 30.29

July.  
Tuesday .. 1 .. 47. .. 69. 30.23 .. 30.11

Wednesday 2 .. 49. .. 74. 30.04 .. 30.00

Wind variable, N.E. prevailing.

Rain at times during the morning of the 27th; otherwise generally clear.

Rain fallen, '1 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. May 1834.

Thermometer—Highest .....	77.0°—the 6th, 9th.
Lowest .....	32.00 .. 28th.
Mean .....	53.7337.
Barometer—Highest .....	30.22 .. 21st.
Lowest .....	29.10 .. 17th.
Mean .....	29.7751.

Number of days of rain, 8.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 0.70625.

Winds.—7 East—4 West—3 North—1 North-east—2 South-east—2 South-west—2 North-west.

General Observations.—With the exception of last year, this was the warmest May that has occurred in the last twelve years, although the extremes have been exceeded. The quantity of rain was more than last year, in the same month, but much less than since 1829, when the weather was remarkably dry. The barometer corresponded in an extraordinary manner, being lower than last year, yet much above what has been observed in May since 1829; but in that year the range was less, and the maximum not so high as it was this month. For several days, at the latter end of the month, the sky was entirely cloudless.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our correspondent B. for his description of Mr. Nutt's humane and profitable apparatus for hiving and obtaining the honey-products of bees; but as we have already twice warmly recommended the plan, we cannot go into it again at length. Suffice it to notice, that it well deserves universal adoption, and that last year Mr. Nutt obtained no less than 700 pounds of honey from six hives of bees upon his principle.

We are sorry to postpone the finale of our review of Beckford's "Italy," &c.; but "Dacre" and "Mrs. Siddons" have tempted us to several temporary excursions.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION,

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The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters, from the Collections of His Most Gracious Majesty, the Most Noble the Marquess of Westminster, and the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

#### LIVERPOOL ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

The Artists of Great Britain are hereby respectfully informed, that the Tenth Annual Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists will open this season, on the 18th day of August next, in the New Exhibition Rooms, Church Street; and that the Annual Grant of the Corporation of One Hundred Pounds will be awarded, in a Prize of Fifty Pounds for the best Picture in Oil, and the remainder in smaller amounts for the best Works executed by British Artists.

All Works of Art will be received (directed to the Secretary, at the Exhibition Rooms) from the 21st of July to the 4th of August inclusive.

It is requested that all Pictures, &c. from London may be sent through Messrs. Pickford and Co. by Canal; and from other Places by the most convenient Water Carriage.

SAMUEL EGGLETON,

Secretary to the Academy.

London Institution, 1st July, 1834.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Committee of Management intend to appoint two Librarians to undertake the charge of the Library and Reading Rooms of this Institution. A description of the qualifications and duties, with the emoluments, may be seen at the Institution. All applications or testimonials to be addressed (post-paid) to the Honorary Secretary; and none will be attended to if made after the 20th instant.

WILLIAM TITE, Honorary Secretary.

#### TO CAPITALISTS. To be Sold (the

present Proprietor retiring), an entire and very valuable Newspaper Property, of the highest respectability and importance, yielding an income of about 1000l. per annum, with the prospect of a considerable increase. To persons possessing literary, political, or professional connections, or desirous of obtaining political influence, this offer will be found peculiarly advantageous. The Property is estimated at about 6000l. and may be divided into shares. None but principals of ascertained respectability will be treated with; and it is requested that whoever may be disposed to negotiate for the purchase, will send their real Names and Addresses, directed to D. D., care of Mr. Hookham, Old Bond Street.

#### CAUTION.—THE PATENT EVER-

POINTED PENCIL, an instrument universally allowed to be of the greatest utility, and particularly recommended to the Public; but care must be taken in purchasing the Patent Pencil (as well as the Leads for replenishing the same), as the utility depends on the mathematical nicety with which they are made.

To detect Fraud.—The Patentes inform the Public, that all Pencils having Steel Points are frauds, and, to avoid all inconvenience, the following remarks on purchasing will insure them a genuine article:—See the Pencil has the name "S. Mordan and Co. Makers and Patents of the Case of the Case." The proper Leads for replenishing the case have on each Box a yellow belt, with the word "Warranted" on it, and a red sealing-wax impression, bearing the initials "S. M. & Co." Shopkeepers in London and the provincial Towns would do well to observe the above remarks, to prevent their being imposed upon, the Public being much inconvenienced in not being supplied with the genuine article.

#### BEULIAH SPA.—The Morning Fête and

Promenade, &c. will take place, as announced, on Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th of July. In addition to the usual attractions, the entire Band of the Coldstream Guards will, by permission, play a selection of the finest military and other music. Mr. Collett's talented Band will also attend. Admission on the present occasion to Non-Subscribers, 9s. 6d.; Children, 1s.

N.B. Should the weather on either of the above days prove unfavourable, the Bands will not attend.

#### COMPLETION OF LODGE'S ILLUS-

TRIOUS PORTRAITS.—The Subscribers to the above Work are most respectfully acquainted, that the folio edition, and also the first small edition, will be completed in the course of the present month, by the publication of the concluding Parts of each. Subscribers having Parts in arrears, are requested to give orders to their suppliers forthwith, as sets cannot hereafter be completed by the purchase of odd Parts. The Third, Fourth, and Fifth editions of this popular Work are also in progressive stages of publication, and will be completed within their respective periods.

No. 4 Pall Mall East, July 1, 1834.

J. J. WELSH, having purchased the remainder of the following Works, begs to offer them at the very reduced Prices of 1s. each.

1. Jamblichus's Life of Pythagoras, translated from the Greek, by Taylor. 8vo. cloth lettered, published at 14s. only 5s. 6d.

2. Jamblichus on the Mysteries of the Egyptians, &c. translated from the Greek, by Taylor. 8vo. cloth lettered, published at 16s. only 5s. 6d.

3. The Hymns of Orpheus, translated from the Greek, by Taylor. Crown 8vo. cloth lettered, published at 10s. 6d. only 4s.

4. Theoretic Arithmetic, partly translated from the Greek, and partly written by Taylor. 8vo. cloth lettered, published at 14s. only 5s.

J. J. Welsh, 8 Regent Street, Pall Mall.

#### IMMENSE OCCASIONAL ENLARGE-

MENT OF THE "DISPATCH."—The Weekly Dispatch (established upwards of thirty years ago, and published at No. 139 Fleet Street) is well known from its unequalled circulation of Thirty Thousand copies weekly, as the leading Sunday Journal.

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#### TO ADVERTISERS.—EDINBURGH

REVIEW.—Advertisements for insertion in the Advertising Sheet of No. 120, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. 30 Paternoster Row, by Thursday, July 10; and Postscripts, Bills, &c. to be stitched in the Number, a week later.

#### MUSIC.

#### ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—John Barnett's new and beautiful prize ballad, entitled "She sat between the Abbey walls," composed expressly for the Grand Musical Festival, is published this day, and can be had at every Music Shop in London.

Extract from the Sunday Times Newspaper of June 25th, 1834.

"The angelic features of the young lady who, during the first and second days of the Festival, occupied the front seat in the northern gallery, and on whom the eyes of royalty were seen to dwell with an evident degree of admiration, have produced from the pen of a popular poet (an excellent one) some of the most quietly written verses, into which John Barnett has conveyed the very soul of harmony and originality; as, indeed, the magnificence and splendour of the scene portrayed might very naturally lead us to anticipate."

London: to be had of Smith and Company, Music sellers, 105 Oxford Street, between Duke Street and Orchard Street.

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New Music Catalogue for July 1834 can be

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#### THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.—

With the present Year was commenced a New and Improved Series of this Publication. The Number for July contains, among other articles, The History of Wines—The Poetical Works of Coleridge—Diary of a Lover of Literature—The Record Commission, No. III.—The Architectural Antiquities of Herefordshire—A Treatise on the Education of the Poor—Poems by the Rev. John Milford and the Rev. W. L. Bowler—Review of New Publications—Copious Literary Intelligence—Obituary, with Memoirs of the Earl of Burlington, Lord Brougham, Admiral Sir G. Cunningham, &c. Price 2s. 6d.

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